

VOGUE



CONTINENTAL
EDITION

CONDÉ NAST, Publisher

Early January
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A MOTHER'S gift to baby is health; or it is an impaired digestion, a puny body and a weakened resistance to disease.

Constipation in nursing mothers impairs baby's nutrition. If strong purges and cathartics are unwisely taken, the supply and quality of nature's food may be injuriously affected.

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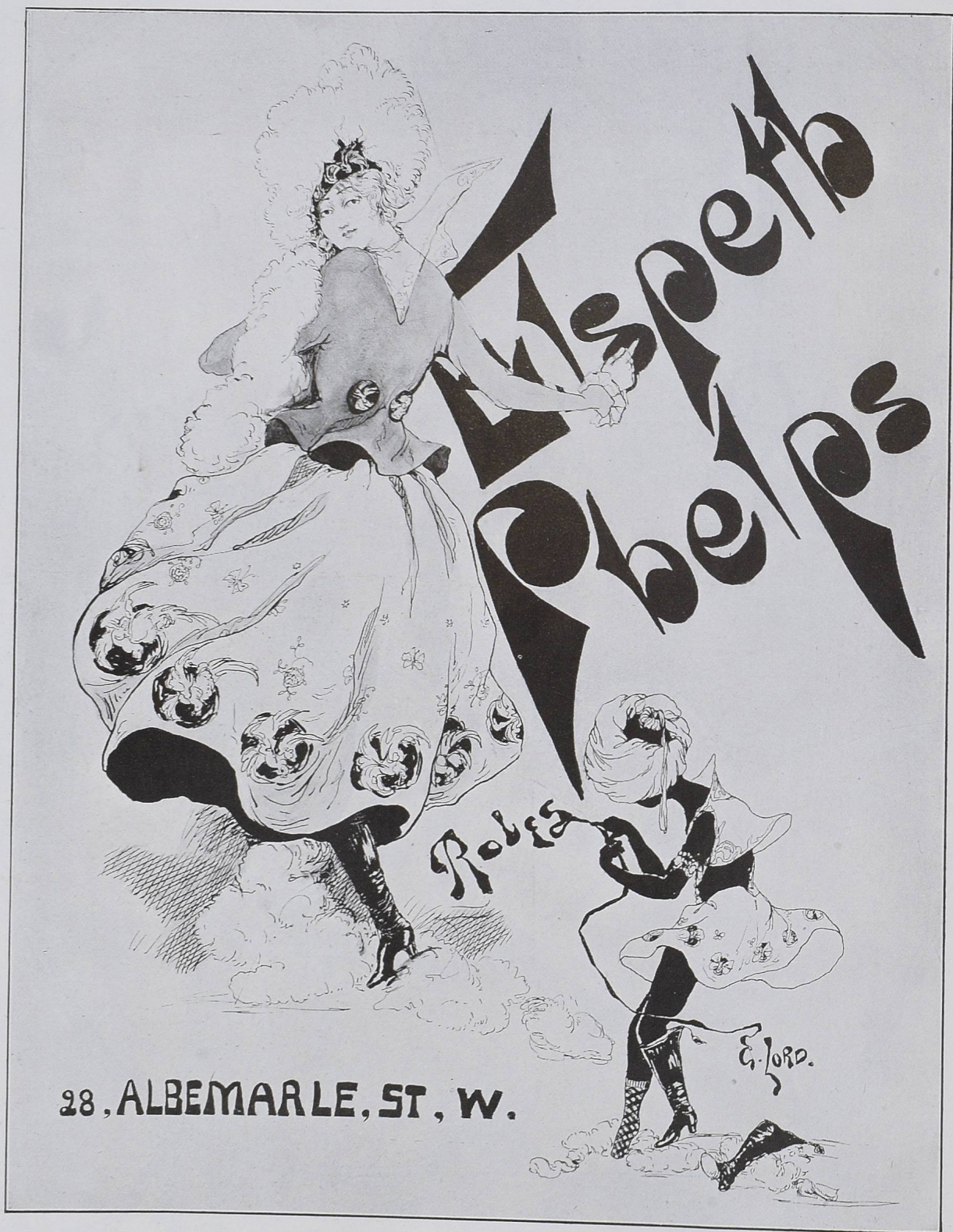
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A very useful and smart Suit
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A lighter boot looks very smart
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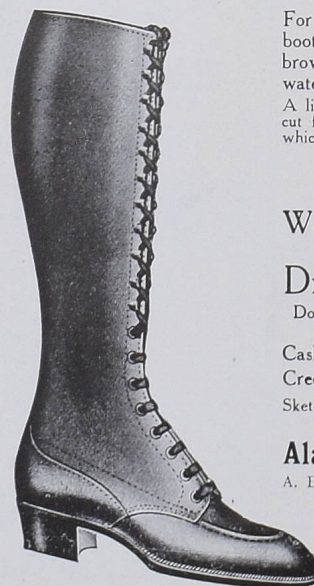
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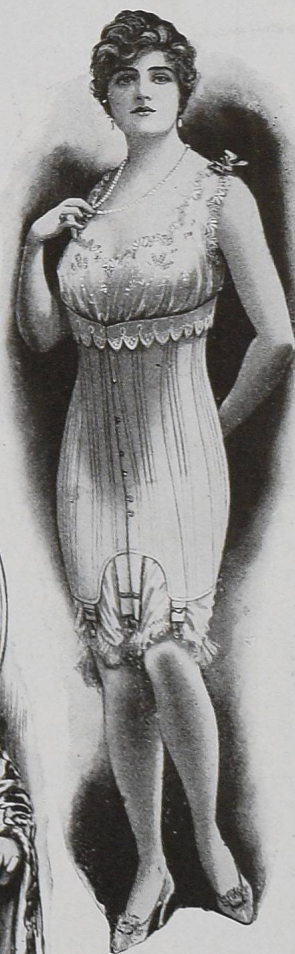
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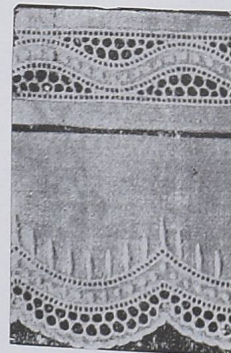
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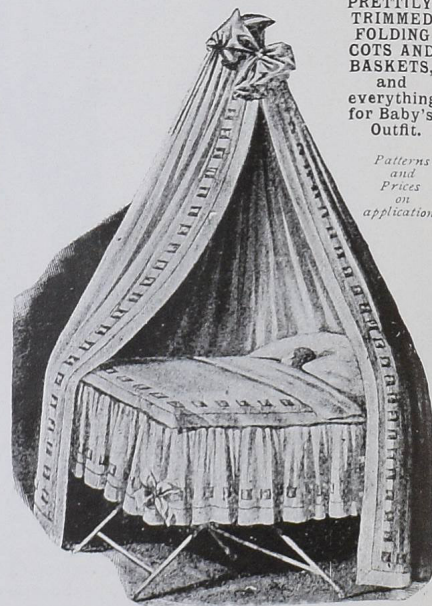
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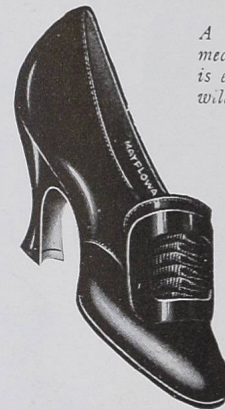
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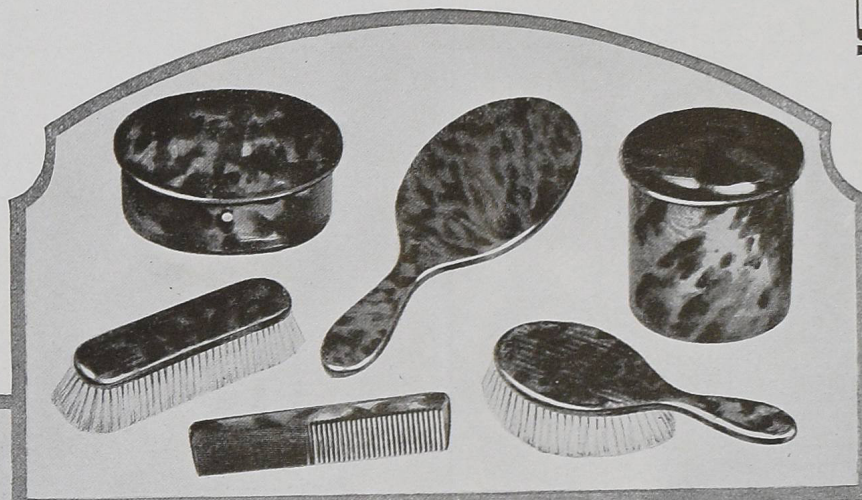
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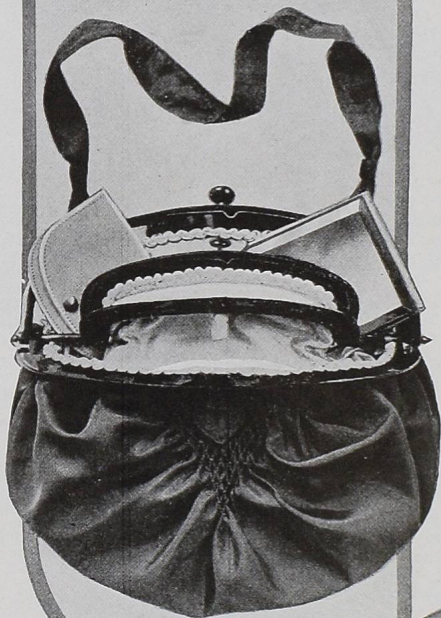
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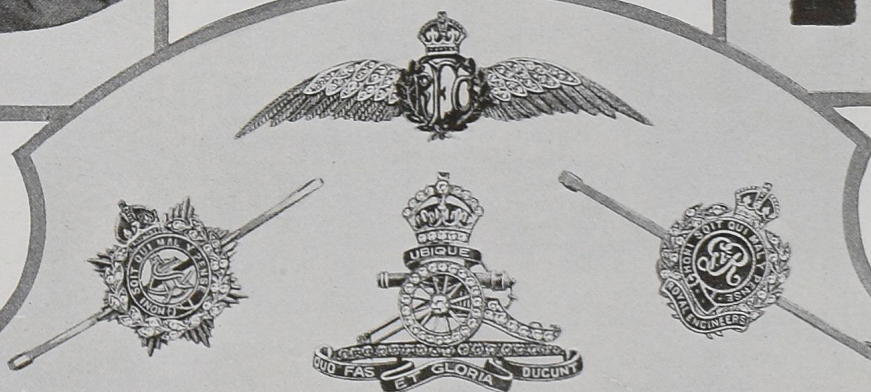


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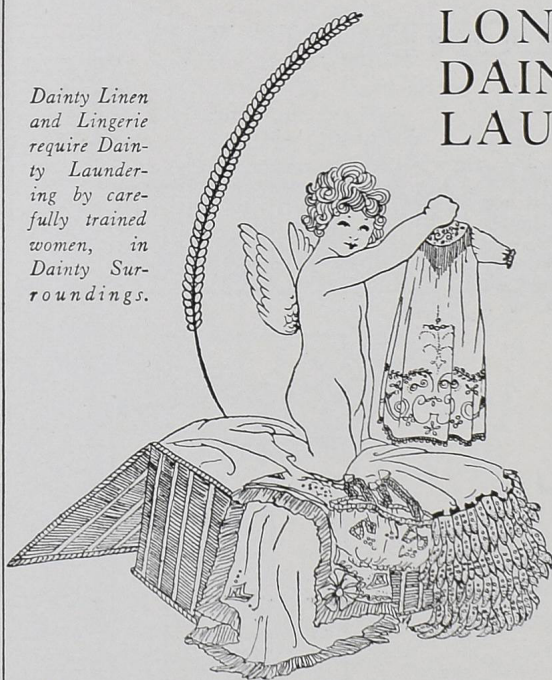
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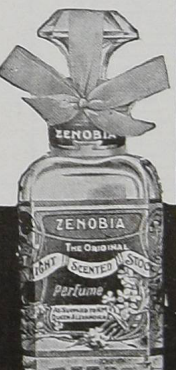
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The Next Vogue

THE LINGERIE NUMBER OF VOGUE

THERE is something altogether wrong and abnormal about the woman who is not mad about lingerie; you can understand her not caring particularly about modern art or being indifferent to eurythmy or pistachio ice cream or *vers libre*, or any of the large movements of the day, but a woman whom lingerie leaves cold has something terribly and vitally wrong with her.

PARIS, AS USUAL, HAS HELPED

By this time you've guessed it,—the next issue of Vogue is going to be the Lingerie Number, and anything that is made of chiffon and linen and lace and that has yards and yards of flesh-coloured and mauve and blue ribbon run through it is going to be between the covers of that issue. And perhaps you've guessed, too, that Paris is going to send us sketches of model after model lingerie,—the kind that with its every ruffle and ribbon murmurs, "French fingers made me." And that there are going to be, with the other soft feminine things, sketches of lovely, clinging, third act tea-gowns.

Then—and here we show our versatility—we are going to turn right around and talk about service clothes. By that we mean the serviceable and practical outer garments that many women in Europe are wearing in connection with their war relief work and that many women who are doing service work in this country have ordered to wear here. They are such things as trim khaki suits, leather belted, and service blouses and heavy leather coats for motor wear.

And then, while we are still talking about service clothes and war service, we will tell you what some of the representative women of New York have done for the sake of allowing their men servants to enlist and do their bit. One cannot imagine, without effort, a lady butler or footman, but that is the way these women have solved the problem of allowing their patriotic men servants to serve their country,—by engaging women to take their places. We thought this was so interesting that we are going to have an article about the possibilities of women servants and show the uniforms of the entire staff, from the little "lift girl" to the

lady butler (we haven't quite decided what her really dignified and official title is).

We all know what a collar can do for a woman and her gown,—especially a lacy one of the kind that made Van Dyke famous and makes most of us envious. We are going to have some photographs of collars—Baron de Meyer took them—and you will love them from the moment you see them. And there is to be a layette for the 1918 model baby. If you don't happen to have a baby on hand, you will at once adopt one for the fun of dressing it in the dainty things Claire Avery has sketched.

PALM BEACH FASHIONS

A great many of us are already preparing to go south, so we will have lots of Palm Beach fashions in the next issue, too. The first sports clothes of the season are always difficult to buy,—one finds so few fashions that are really new and not reminiscent of the things we have just discarded—so Vogue has planned some original ones especially for you.

VOL. 50. NO. 12

WHOLE NO. 1085

Cover Design by Georges Le Pape

C O N T E N T S Society

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Early January 1918



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Davis and Sanford

THE MARQUISE DE POLIGNAC

The Marquis and Marquise de Polignac have taken a house in Washington, where they will reside during the winter. The Marquise de Polignac, who was the widow of the late James B. Eustis, was married in New York on October 24th; she is the daughter of Mrs. William Floyd Crosby of Denver. The Marquis de Polignac, who belongs to one of the oldest families in France, is associated with M. André Tardieu, the High Commissioner of France, in representing the French government in America. M. Tardieu was best man at the wedding

If she is warmly wrapped about her neck with the very new high collar on her chenille-embroidered black duvetyn sweater—what cares she how sleeveless that sweater be? From the Vanity Fair Shop



MAKING AN ALLY OF SPORT CLOTHES

Baa, Baa, Black Sheep, Have You Any Wool?

Yes Sir, Yes Sir, Three Bags Full.

Two for the Soldier and Sailor Boy's Kit,
and One for the Woman Who's Doing Her Bit



SINCE August, 1914, we have had to revolutionize our ideas on so many different subjects that it sometimes seems as if our entire mental equipment had had to undergo a change. And the notion that sports should cease when war begins is one of those preconceived ideas which has been completely upset. For all the high and mighty military leaders in the allied countries tell us that sports are to be encouraged, rather than discouraged, so far as it is possible. During the war, we have discovered that sport is the very best means of keeping a man fit, or of resting and restoring him after long service in the trenches. Sport is a recreation, and when we consider the real meaning of this word we understand why the Duke of Wellington said that the wars of England have been won upon the playing-fields of Eton.

CLOTHES AND EFFICIENCY

Our officers have learned that a soldier's efficiency depends to a great extent on the comfort and suitability of his equipment, and, on the same principle, we have come to feel that our sports clothes are of greater importance than ever before. In looking over the newest suggestions for sports wear, we find that one idea predominates. Efficiency—that abused quality—is the helpful aim of all of them. Perhaps the designers have taken a leaf from the book of Tommy Atkins, who uses his shrapnel-proof helmet for a wash-basin, a teapot, and any other hygienic or culinary service which his fertile mind suggests. At any rate, almost every costume which is offered us, this winter, has been made to serve at least two purposes. For instance, a sweater that may be worn either as a blouse at home or as a sweater for indoor skating is one of the newest war-time suggestions. These sweaters are made up in duvetyn, velvet, or wool jersey, and are trimmed with worsted, chenille, or silk, in combinations that are very striking.

In the sketch at the top of the page, an indoor blouse-sweater of black duvetyn is elaborately embroidered with white chenille. This sleeveless sweater with its high collar buttoning closely at the neck is very new. The belt and collar are both of the black duvetyn and are trimmed with finely stitched bands of chenille. In the sketch at the top, on page 28, gray wool jersey is trimmed with stitching and has a



For such a high calling as aviation one should be particular about one's costume. This, of leather, is well fortified with blanket wool against the icy air; two models from Wanamaker

According to this athletic young person, ears and chin and even fingers should be modestly concealed with the knitted wool hood-collared and the novel cuffs of one's Scotch tweed suit



TWO MODELS FROM
VANITY FAIR SHOP

It is of gray jersey and looks just a little like the sweaters that everyone—except the Germans—is knitting for our sailors, but it has all sorts of additions in white wool.



When a woman releases a man for the front by taking his place on the golf links, she is privileged to adopt some of his prerogatives of costume in her Scotch tweed suit.

TWO MODELS FROM
WANAMAKER



When she skates indoors she may be as gay and decorative as she chooses. This costume of twilight blue duvetyne and black velvet proves it.



When she fastens the buckles on the skirt of her French flannel costume, it is held demurely in place; but when she unbuckles them she may skate how and where she will.



This costume of brick red wool and navy blue gabardine can do as many different and interesting things as Mrs. Vernon Castle. It appears opposite in a different rôle; models from Wanamaker

collar and belt of white wool, heavily knitted. The suit shown at the left, on page 27, is of dark gray Scotch tweed, with a deep hood-collared and turn-back knit cuffs of wool. It is fashioned after the useful English walking-suit, which may be used for golf, skating, and for town and country wear. Tweeds and cheviots, by the way, are very smart this season and are shown in many excellent mixtures and colours.

Top-coats and motor coats, as well as suits, are shown in the tweeds; they are untrimmed save for stitching and buttons in polished wood or leather.

FOR THE DASHING AVIATRICE

Now that women are actually driving ambulances and becoming expert at shooting, there are specially designed costumes for each of these undertakings. In fact, there is almost nothing that woman does, these days, that does not call for its own costume. Even in the field of aviation there are women with almost as much skill as the men, and for them a special costume is a necessity. The sketch at the right, on page 27, illustrates how the aviation lady may look when ready for her journey. A short coat and wide breeches of leather in natural colour are lined throughout with blanket wool. As the costume is made for high altitudes, each seam is doubled in order to exclude the icy air. The coat is double-breasted and fastens at one side, and it is tightly belted about the waist. With a suit of this kind, heavy, high, laced boots and an aviation cap are worn.

A very smart costume, of a Scottish mixture in an olive green and tobacco brown, is pictured at the left, on page 28. It is of tweed and embodies a new idea in golf suits for women. It may be worn without the outside skirt, if one

advocates knickers for women golfers, and it is almost like a man's golf suit. The coat is very trim, with cut-away sides, large patch pockets, and a narrow belt which buckles at the front. For the more conservative woman there is a skirt, made on circular lines, with buttons and buttonholes in the centre front. Golf stockings knitted in heavy wool are worn with the knickerbockers.

An indoor skating-costume, sketched at the right, on page 28, is made of fine French flannel. The skirt is of peacock blue French flannel, in wide box pleats. Around the bottom, where each box pleat begins and ends, there are buckles of steel and tabs of the flannel which may be buckled, for walking, and unbuckled, for skating. The overblouse is of white French flannel and is trimmed with narrow bands of the blue. It slips on over the head, and the wide crushed belt buttons with large pearl buttons.

This season it is an unwritten law with the designers that the indoor skating-costumes shall be a bit more decorative and less conservative than those worn in the open, and duvetyn, in light shades, is frequently used for them. In the sketch at the bottom, on page 28, twilight blue duvetyn is combined with black velvet. The style is typical of the smart skating-suit. The bottom of the coat, as well as the bottom of the skirt, falls in circular folds; the coat fastens on



The vest and knife-pleated skirt are of velours, but they out-Scotch the tweeds shown on page 27. With them is a sack coat of brown velours



Sometimes this costume is worn indoors, and sometimes it is for general outdoor wear, but here it prefers to be a skating-outfit with its large square collar transformed into a hood

one side with covered buttons and is trimmed with black seal fur, and the black velvet skirt is faced with a deep hem of duvetyn, which shows in skating.

The shops are showing a very new type of sweater in the form of a three-quarters length coat made of heavy wool, knitted double in a coarse stitch. The one sketched at the right and left on this page is part of a three-piece costume. The sweater is in a deep shade of brick red and is trimmed with cuffs and a band of navy blue gabardine at the bottom. There is a clever collar, which may lie flat, as a large square sailor collar, or may be pulled up over the head and buttoned across the top. This sweater-coat is shown in a number of different lengths and is almost as warm as fur. It is worn over a straight skirt of blue gabardine, and a sleeveless overcoat of the gabardine is worn over the sweater. There are soft pleats at either side of the back and front of the coat, and a knitted sash is worn at the waist, in Alpine fashion. A costume as complete and useful as this one is most satisfactory, even in the coldest weather. It affords, all in one, a gown for the house, a costume for skating, and a costume for general wear, and could not be termed a luxury—even in war times.

OF PLAID VELOURS AND VELVET

Very unusual is the suit of plaid velours and velvet pictured at the bottom on this page. This suit is for general country wear and is in various shades of brown. The vest, patterned after those worn by men, is of velours, in a plaid of brown, black, and shades of tan, as is the knife-pleated skirt. Over these is worn a sack coat of brown velvet, lined with satin. It is an interesting change from the serviceable tweed, and is most becoming to the tall slim woman.

ON THE THEORY *of* HARMONY *by* CONTRAST

THERE is no more subtle point in the whole burning question of clothes than the adaptation of modes to ages; and the problem presents itself forcibly in the gowning of the débutante and her mother. Lovely apart, they should be still more lovely together, each as the complement of the other; and this can be achieved by careful choosing of their clothes. The accompanying photographs serve as an illustration of this principle, and as models for three of the important costumes of a woman's day. Wherewithal they shall both be clothed for the morning's shopping, for the intimate tea hour at home, and for the evening, is definitely settled by Miss Kitty Gordon (the Honourable Mrs. Henry Beresford) and her daughter, Miss Vera Beresford; and settled in a conclusive manner.

For the street, the mother might wear a suit of tan gabardine, of the true khaki colour, and of the material that is used in British officers' uniforms. It is cut for both efficiency and smartness, and is trimly belted with a leather belt. The accessories of the suit are a black velvet hat, with a tam o'shanter crown, accented with a big pearl pin, and gloves and a silver fox scarf complete the costume.

(Right) The gowns of the débutante's mother are in a slower, more dignified movement than those of her daughter, whose frocks symbolize youthfulness

That Mother and Daughter May Make a Perfect Picture, Beautifully Gowned, Is Proven by Kitty Gordon and Her Daughter



The young girl's suit is a combination of two materials, cinnamon brown duvetyn and brown velvet. The skirt is short and the coat is loose and belted with a tasseled velvet band instead of a leather belt. No furs are worn, but there is a collar of Hudson seal. A very youthful hat of brown velvet trimmed with a cinnamon tan ornament of clipped ostrich is pressed closely down upon her head, and her hair is allowed to fluff out under the brim. Both of these suits are illustrated at the lower right on page 31.

FOR HOURS OF EASE

The clothes worn by the mother and daughter in the intimacy of their boudoir are very different from their street clothes. They are things of soft textiles and charming colours. The mother in the photograph at the bottom of this page wears a lovely negligée of old-blue chiffon, combined with chiffon brocaded in velvet of the same shade. Around the neck there is a narrow band of mole, and the upper part of the tea-gown is elaborately embroidered in crystal beads and paillettes, and long slim crystal tassels finish the sleeves. The skirt of the

(Continued on page 82)

(Below) It is in the exquisite fabrics and colours of the intimate garments of the boudoir that one's personality may be most distinctively expressed



DEMMEYER



(Left) It was, of course, a Frenchman who said that no woman could be really beautiful in a small hat; and, somehow, a large black hat, with a sweep of ostrich, seems most in character with a dignified woman of the world. This hat is of antique black satin, trimmed with unclipped black ostrich, and with it is worn a Russian sable cape

GOWNS OF VERA BERES-FORD FROM DOWNING

(Right) Since a knitting bag has become an integral part of every progressive young person's costume, the designer has incorporated one in a set and made a hat to go with it. Black velvet forms both hat and bag, and both are trimmed with applied silk flowers in dull orchid, green, and yellow, and the brim is faced with silk of the palest orchid



BEMEYER

All which-is-mother-and-which-is-daughter beauty advertisements to the contrary, the gowns of mother and daughter are successful only when they express, by their fabric and by their line, the dignity and experience of the older woman and the quick eager grace characteristic of the young girl

When a young person has reached the débutante age, she thinks that practically the only sane way to start the day is by a shopping tour. You see, there are so many new and altogether head-turning things to get,—and then there is a new tailored costume to be worn, and that adds a lot to the morning



After this veil is once arranged, it cannot go astray—it is one of the few good things in life that is entirely permanent. First, the veil—it's brown and lightly scrolled—is shirred to the sand coloured velvet hat, and then it is run around its lower edge with blue and silver ribbon, which goes around the neck and ties, ever so quaintly, in back. It is remarkable,—what the delicate shadows and soft folds of a veil like this do for one's general personality

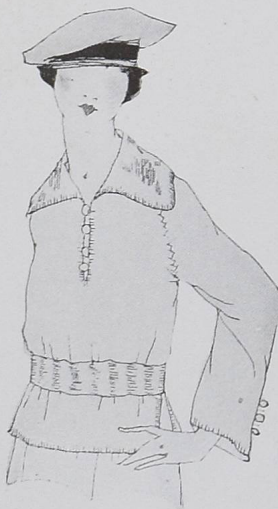


These are perfectly good reasons why a woman's day is incomplete without a bag and umbrella. The first bag, which will hold one's knitting, is of duvetyn and jet beads; the second is of black satin with ovals of flowers in appliqué. The black umbrella has ivory mountings and a band of black and white checked satin; these and the veil at the upper left are from Jane Blaney

Dashing about the county in one's motor and covering miles and miles of golf course require the constant aid and reinforcement of exactly the right kinds of clothes; and hats must be particularly clever to lead that kind of life. Patent leather, faced with duvetyn to match one's costume, is decidedly smart and very cheerful about getting rained on or much motored against. Lanvin puts on this hat a tobacco brown dotted veil; imported by Thurn



Even when you insist upon going skating out-of-doors and in a high wind, the snug moleskin turban of this set stays firmly over your ears and the flat stole, also of mole, and decorated with a wreath of silk flowers to match those on your hat, stays buttoned about your throat; this set and that opposite are designed by Rose Descat and are from Kurzman



White wool trims the collar and makes the belt and buttons of this gray jersey blouse; this and belt and blouse below from Jaqueline



(Right) Quaintly ruffled by Chéruit, is a blouse of white organdy, run with ribbon, in black and navy blue

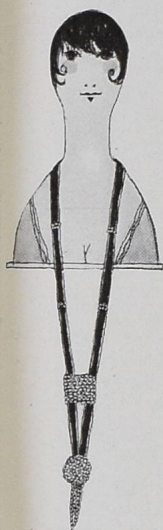


(Left) A belt of many colours is of silken flosses, and fastens with a fringed silk ornament



And then, when you skate in one of the smart rinks, there is this little set of black velvet, lined with silk and trimmed with ermine tails. White ermine goes all around the brim of the toque in a band, and there is a smart little handful of tails left to bob around as they please in front. The stole is short and perfectly flat and has a smart fringe of ermine tails.

THE PART WHICH *is* GREATER THAN *the* WHOLE



The perfect accent may be a chain of black moire and crystal beads; from Kurzman

A GREAT many women, even among those who devote much care and thought to the wardrobe, make the mistake of regarding accessories as a sort of unavoidable anticlimax to an otherwise satisfactory costume. The same persons who can choose a gown or tailored suit with unfailing good taste will often, strangely enough, wear with it accessories that were never in this world meant to be congenial with that particular costume. And it is true that a gown can be no more successful than its very smallest accessory. That's why so many costumes just miss being entirely and satisfyingly smart.

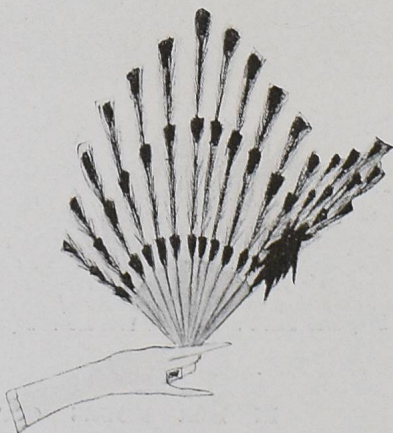
There are so many things to be considered in choosing the small things that go to make a costume complete, and nowhere does the rule of the eternal fitness of things hold so hard and fast. Women who would be horrified at the thought of wearing a lace collar with a riding-habit, make just as serious a faux pas in the accessories they wear with their tailored street costumes.

In the morning, with a tailored suit, the conservatively dressed smart person usually wears a simple blouse of satin, crêpe de Chine, or delicately embroidered batiste. To go with this costume, she chooses a veil that is very simple,—perhaps one with a delicately scrolled open mesh in light brown, taupe, or a smart navy blue. The bag, too, is carefully kept in the same key, and this season it should be of some dark shade of soft fine leather.

TO MAKE OR MAR A COSTUME

The umbrellas carried with a tailored costume still retain the English lines which have been so much in favour in recent seasons. They are short and thick, and the sticks are always of wood. Dark silks are used in these umbrellas, but it is permissible to vary their soberness by bands of checked or striped silk around the top. These umbrellas are often tipped with French ivory on.

The afternoon costume, however, is a very different matter from the tailored suit of morning hours, and the great variety of accessories which are permissible for afternoon wear makes it an even more difficult task to select those which are exactly right for any given costume. Shoes are of great importance, and perhaps the best choice is the shoe with patent leather vamp and gray or beige gaiter-top. The leather bag of the morning is replaced by a bag of black satin or black moire silk, with simple silver or gold mountings. To accompany more elaborate afternoon costumes, there are vanity cases of enamel in rich dull colours, and with such a case is carried a fine green gold mesh bag.



A very new and very smart accessory for evening costumes is the fan of clipped peacock feathers, mounted on amber sticks

Not by the Costliness of Her Garments Is the Smart Woman Known, but by the Impeccable Taste With Which She Selects the Many Small Accessories Which Make Mere Garments into a Perfect Costume



When she considers an evening costume in these days, a woman has often to consider one accessory which used to form no part of evening costume,—a hat. This model of black satin owes much of its beauty to the great sweep of black clipped ostrich plumes which rises at the back. With this hat, a scarf of soft, long-haired, black fur is the perfecting touch; hat and fan at left from Thurn



It is altogether fitting that Billie Burke should be gazing skyward. Not only has she long had a place among the stars, but she lately also became an angel—a delightfully human angel who rescued her aristocratic family by marrying a gentleman endowed with a modest fortune of two hundred million dollars. The rôle of martyr, however, was denied her, for she carelessly fell in love with her husband



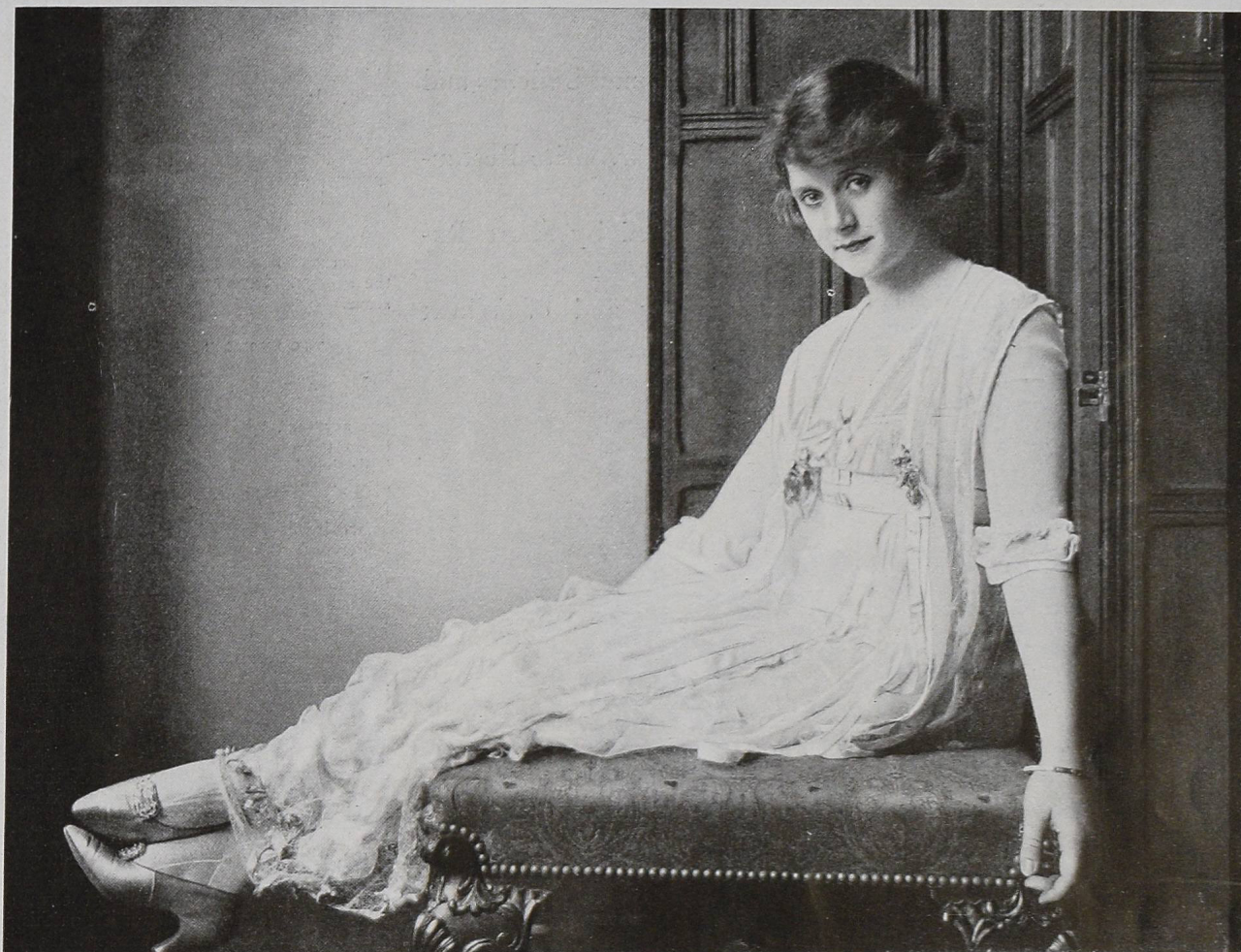
Victor Georg



For afternoon hours, when Billie Burke is her own private self, is this frock of pale pink taffeta, gracefully draped into a bustle in the back and an apron in the front. The lace collar fastens at the point of the V-neck with a bow of purple velvet ribbon, the ends of which pass under the girdle and hang in long loops. The Dolly Farden hat of pale yellow straw has a horse-shoe wreath of small pink flowers, a cream lace facing, and long streamers of purple velvet ribbon. The mandarin bag is of blue black and purple brocade and gold braid

Another bit of the rosy side of life is this charming evening gown; old lace and a bead ornament finish it. We have it on good authority (Burke) that the underskirt is of gold and silver lace

IN HER HOURS OFF THE
STAGE, BILLIE BURKE IS SEEN
IN COSTUMES SUCH AS THESE



In the brief days of its life upon the New York stage, "The Rescuing Angel," the one failure among Clare Kummer's many successes, was the medium of presentation of many exceptionally lovely costumes, created by Lucile and worn by the captivating Billie Burke, who did all that personality and clever acting could do to turn defeat into victory. This tea-gown is of creamy lace, silk flowers, and pink and silver tissue

(Left) When, before the wedding is an hour old, Angela's jilted fiancé succeeds in effecting a quarrel, the bride flings this daytime coat over her evening gown and flees for home and mother. The coat is of periwinkle blue ratine, lined with a pink mauve satin. The fulness is held by a three-inch belt of periwinkle blue ratine, and below the hips a broad band forms pockets. Collar and cuffs are of narrow strips of kolinsky, twisted

(Right) The wilful little heroine was a feast for the eyes of the audience when she appeared resplendent in an evening gown of a blue green taffeta, which falls in a tunic over an underskirt of silver lace with appliqué of flowers of delicate colours. The bodice is of silver lace over flesh tulle, and a girdle of blue and silver brocade ties at the side; furniture from Hampton Shops



THUS BILLIE BURKE AND LUCILE TRIUMPHED ERE "THE RESCUING ANGEL" FAILED

NEW YORK DINES OUT *and* DEFIES *the* PINCH of WAR



Mrs. Philip Lydig wore an old-gold wrap at the opening of "Miss 1917"

turned to the entertainment of his guests.

AT THE SMART RESTAURANTS

In the scarcity of sugar, New York has really felt the pinch of war. Almost all the hotels have curtailed their supply of this commodity, and some of the well-known clubs are serving brown sugar instead of white. White bread, too, is to a certain extent tabooed; on several days of the week, dark "war bread" takes its place. Despite all this, however, the smart restaurants are as well patronized as ever. In fact, at luncheon and dinner at the Ritz, one sees a larger and more interesting crowd than in the past. No doubt the lack of private entertain-

The Smart Woman Lunches and Dines at Her Favourite Restaurant, Undaunted by Short Rations of Sugar and of Wheat



Miss Cornelia Delite Woolley, in a misty veil of tulle, was the bride of Mr. John Huyler Acheson

ments partially accounts for this, and the presence of members of the military of the allied countries certainly does not detract from the interest of these public dining-places. The most noticeable change is in the costumes of the women; there is an absence of formality which has now reached such a point that street

clothes are even seen at night. It is, perhaps, regrettable that patriotism should take this form, for the soldier, relieved from his duties, is seeking entertainment and forgetfulness of the stern realities of war. And it is undoubtedly true that evening costumes add greatly to the gaiety and colour of any scene.

THE BILTMORE

In the evening one sees many of the most important military men who chance to be in town at the Biltmore. This hotel has become one of the gayest places about New York, and some very smart frocks are to be seen there, such as the one which was worn on a recent evening by Mrs. J. Gordon Douglas and which is sketched at the lower right on this page. It was of black chiffon, trimmed with strips of Chinese embroidery in dull colours, and at the back a floating panel of the chiffon, ornamented by long lengths of embroidery, accentuated the slenderness of the figure.

As the season progresses many interesting evening wraps make their appearance. By far the majority are of velvet, but, by this same token, the wraps of some other material frequently stand out as the smartest. Unusually distinctive was the long cape of terra cotta duvetyn, sketched at the lower left on this page, which was worn by Mrs. Alexander Dallas Bache Pratt at the Metropolitan Opera House, on the evening when the Red Cross Pageant, originally given at Huntington, Long Island, was repeated in New York. The cape was perfectly plain and fell in long lines from a yoke of velours, embroidered, and edged with martin about the top. The bandeau of diamonds and onyx, which



Mrs. James Lowell Putnam wraps a short fur stole close about the throat



Mrs. Alexander Dallas Bache Pratt, in a smart evening wrap, attended the repetition of the Red Cross Pageant, at the Metropolitan Opera House



Black and white is the checked sweater and black and white to match is the knitted band on the skirt of this costume worn at the Tuxedo Club



Mrs. J. Gordon Douglas is one of the many smart women who, with military men, have made up the fashionable throng at the Hotel Biltmore



A blue serge frock, worn by Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, junior, is striped across its entire length with narrow bands of tan braid

Mrs. Pratt so frequently wears at night, was replaced on this occasion with one of garnets, worn with loop earrings of the same deep-toned stones. Mrs. William Wood attended the Pageant, wearing the gray cape, collared with squirrel, which is sketched at the right, in the lower middle, on this page. An evening coat of old-gold velvet was worn by Mrs. Philip Lydig on the night that "Miss 1917" had its première at the Century Theatre; it is sketched at the upper left on page 36. This wrap was ornamented about the neck with a band of Australian opossum, which, like squirrel, has risen from the ranks to a place of importance among the smart furs.

THE PREMIÈRE AT THE CENTURY THEATRE

The opening of the Century Theatre drew, as it usually does, an enormous crowd which included many people of social importance and all the theatrical world which was not booked for that evening. Bessie McCoy Davis, gowned by Lucile, was one of the leading figures in the review, and she received a continuous ovation throughout the evening. The warmth of this reception was perhaps augmented by the remembrance, on the part of

the audience, of the rather tragic death of her husband, Richard Harding Davis, the writer.

The most important wedding of the past fortnight was the marriage of Mrs. James B. Eustis to the Marquis de Polignac. It was held in the Lady Chapel of Saint Patrick's Cathedral, and, despite the drenching rain, the chapel was crowded. Among the guests were a number of distinguished foreigners. M. André Tar-

dieu, head of the French High Commission, was the best man, and the witnesses for the bride were M. Maurice Casenave, member of the Financial Committee of the mission, and Lieutenant the Marquis de Créqui Montfort de Courtivron, of the French Military Mission. The bride wore the costume of dark blue velvet which she wears in the photograph which forms the frontispiece of this issue, and with it she wore a large black picture hat.

Among the brides of the last few weeks was Miss Elsie Saltus, who was married to Mr. J. Theus Munds in the chantry of Saint Thomas's Church. Miss Saltus was a charming bride, and her bridesmaids were very picturesque in gowns of blue and pink chiffon with puffs of ostrich feather at each hip, and large gray hats trimmed with shaded ostrich plumes. Their bouquets, which combined a number of different flowers, including the humble snapdragon, were most unusual. Miss Cornelia Delite Woolley was married on the same day to Mr. John Huyler Acheson, in the chapel of Saint George's Church, Stuyvesant Square. Her veil of tulle was arranged after the becoming and picturesque fashion shown in the sketch in the middle on page 36, and her bouquet of maiden-hair fern, lilies-of-the-valley, and orange blossoms was a thing of beauty.

At many smart weddings, one notes the predominance of the long fur stoles, such as that worn by Mrs. George Marshall Allen at the wedding of Miss Saltus (sketched at the lower left, in the middle, on this page). These stoles are quite different from those of previous seasons in that the little tails of the animal are not snipped off, but are allowed to dangle wherever they chance to be. A stole of this character, of brown fur with dangling tails, is being worn by Mrs. Sherwood Aldrich and is sketched at the upper right, on this page, and wound about in a smart and original fashion. Mrs. James

which accentuated her lovely Italian colouring. On the same day Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, junior, wore a frock of distinctly military inspiration, which is sketched at the upper left on this page. It was of blue serge with narrow bands of tan braid, applied bayadere fashion across its entire length.

The interest which nearly every one is taking in the practical side of gardening was evinced at the recent exhibition of the Tuxedo Horticultural Society, where the onlookers showed far more enthusiasm for the strictly utilitarian displays than for the purely decorative flowers. The exhibition was held in the ballroom of the Tuxedo Club and the proceeds were given to the Red Cross. Among the most earnest workers for the success of this event was Miss Lucile Baldwin, who is sketched at the lower left on this page, in a gray blue sweater and a close hat of red velvet with a rim of gray blue, matching the sweater. A red sash gave a brilliant note of colour to the costume.

A NEW NOTE IN SPORTS CLOTHES

Another smart woman, who had tea at the club that afternoon, is sketched in the lower middle on page 36. Her sweater was knitted in fairly large blocks of white and black, and about the bottom of her white flannel skirt was a knitted band, also of black and white. The use of a band of knitted stuff on the skirt, to match the sweater with which it is worn, is an absolutely new note in sports apparel this winter.



Mrs. Sherwood Aldrich winds one of the new long fur stoles about her person, in a very graceful and distinctly original manner



Mrs. George Marshall Allen, at the wedding of Miss Saltus, wore one of the very smart long fur stoles

Mrs. William Wood, in a squirrel-collared cape, attended the repetition of the Red Cross Pageant



Miss Lucile Baldwin was an enthusiastic worker at the recent exhibition of the Tuxedo Horticultural Society, given for the benefit of the Red Cross

Lowell Putnam wraps her stole, of shorter length, up close about her throat after the fashion shown in the illustration at the upper right on page 36.

Among the smartest women lunching at the Ritz recently were Mrs. James Byrne and her daughter, Miss Sheila Byrne, sketched at the lower right on this page. Mrs. Byrne's cape of black satin was collared and banded about the bottom with dark fur and, after a fashion which is new to capes, fastened at the bottom instead of the top. One sees, by the way, a great number of capes of a more or less formal and elegant appearance, which in no way suggests the cape for sports wear. Miss Byrne wore a dark suit and a hat of black velvet which turned up off her face—a sombre costume, but one



Mrs. James Byrne and her daughter, Miss Sheila Byrne, were among the many smartly dressed women who were seen lunching a few days ago at the Ritz

UNCENSORED NEWS FROM THE FASHION FRONT

Paris Prefers Perfect Line to Rich Material and
Wears Furs of Questionable Pedigree With the
Same Air That It Wore Sables in Happier Days



A cape with such luxurious bands of fur as these dares the cold theatres of a coal-less Paris—or New York—to do their worst



A pèlerine which crosses like a fichu and ties like a sash has a fur collar which rolls up to meet a chic little toque



JEANNE DUC

THREE MODELS FROM WORTH



Combined in this coat-dress are three distinctive features of the mode—embroidery, fur, and a sash

Chinese in its cut and scheme of embroidery is this costume of marron velveteen, trimmed generously with gray fox

AFTER one has seen the newest street things offered by the couturiers, one might say, remembering one's Kipling:

*"There are nine and sixty ways
Of trimming suits these days,
And every single furry one is right."*

Frocks, coats, wraps,—all of them are collared to the ears with peltry; and if a coat and skirt manage to emerge from the designer without this wintry embellishment, the ultimate consumer demands a vest of fur before she will venture to appear in the costume. And there is excellent reason for all this; coal is sixty dollars a ton in Paris.

FURS HAVE GONE FURTHER

Sometimes the pelts employed in these fashions are easily recognized; but it is best not to inquire too closely into the origin of some of the strange skins which have been cut into strips or folded into collars to trim many of the smartest frocks. They bear such concealing names as "Jacquerette" or "Péruvienne;" and, while many women of curious disposition would like to know why, if they restrain their curiosity they may have more pleasure in wearing their furs. Some very obviously belong to animals which we usually think of as alive and in cages, rather than as trimming for the attire of fair

ladies. I saw tiger skin, the other day, used quite frankly as an ornament on the edge of a skirt, on a cap, and in the lining of a coat.

"How to look smart with the simplest means," is the question which is agitating the feminine mind in Paris. At the beginning of the war, women frankly wore their serge frocks, with woollen wraps over them, to the theatre and when they dined informally in public. But there has been a reaction, and a tremendous effort to dress appropriately, and yet with the greatest simplicity, is being made. The big houses are cooperating with their clients in this; it is really a new departure for both of them. Extraordinary ingenuity is displayed in the choice of new and charming details, while the result remains discreetly restrained.

THE PARISIENNE SUBDUES HER DRESS

Never to attract attention to her clothes by the too lavish use of rich stuffs or too costly furs; never to obtrude her continued good fortune in her costume, at the expense of those whose expenditure is reduced to the minimum, is the aim of the present woman of fashion; and one must confess that this preoccupation is a novelty for her. But, after all, the phrase, "the eternal fitness of things," originated in France. The dressmakers are making very simple things, accordingly, and then ornamenting them with embroidery, so that the women who do this

work, and who are threatened with enforced idleness, shall be kept in employment.

"Only throw fur enough and some of it is sure to stick," must have been the motto of the designers; but if one follows this one grand maxim of the *haute couture*, one may do pretty much as one pleases otherwise. The oriental idea, for example, is a veritable Banquo's ghost; it won't stay down. Worth is not just the person to whom one looks for Chinese or Persian influences, but, nevertheless, there is the sketch at the upper right, on page 38. Undoubtedly this is frankly an Eastern adaptation. It is of velveteen, marron in colour and, of course, there is fur too; in this case it is gray fox. The other Worth models are quite occidental,—still another proof that there is no royal road to fashion at the present moment.

Dœuillet, also, has been flirting with the Orient. The frock in black crêpe de Chine, at the lower right on this page, begins its gold embroidered *empiècement* as a belt and then changes its mind and makes it a vest between short jacket-fronts. The skirt, which has the air of trousers, recalls the dress of a Persian water-boy. The three costumes from this house,



Two pheasant's feathers with entirely different ideas of direction achieve a charming ensemble

THREE MODELS FROM VALENTINE ABOUT



Coloured silk embroidery and a turned-up brim give a gay and child-like air to this otherwise rather serious little black velvet cap



If a hat is severe in style, there is all the more reason to look out a "come hither" from under its brim

by the way, are three of the current successes of the season. The coat-dress at the bottom on this page, and in the middle, is of black crêpe de Chine and has a new sort of fur collar, buttoned at the side and falling in a sailor effect in the back, to warm chilly shoulders. It is of castor, which looks like beaver and is one of the most favoured pelts of the year. The third frock, at the lower left on this page, is a little more elaborate; the lines are very soft and vague; there are a double skirt and gold embroideries. The neckline, with its buttons and buttonholes, designed never to meet each other, is worthy of particular notice.

From Jenny there are two toilettes of real character. The first, at the bottom of page 40, and in the middle, suggests the robe of an abbé, perhaps not entirely removed from the contemplation of the things of this world. It is of the ubiquitous blue serge and has ecclesiastical rows of black Irish crochet buttons, a prim jabot of filet lace, like a clerk's bands, and a sash of blue silk. The other, at the lower right, on the same page, is moyen-âge in character and has been christened with the odd name of "Loughi." It is of black silk, with



THREE MODELS FROM DŒUILLET

Gold embroideries and buttons and buttonholes which will never do anything so practical as to meet, give this dress both charm and distinction



The one untried thing that remained for any one to do with a collar was to button it on the side and let a square end hang down in the back



She who goes in for oriental effects, must, like the ladies of the harem, know exactly how to wear 'em, even when they are of sober black crêpe de Chine



Albin

A hat of duvetyn shows the tendency, which most hats have this year, to be soft and flexible, even to the point of allowing itself to be folded over in the brim

TWO MODELS
FROM LÉON

Footwear like this must mean an entente cordiale between a pump, an ankle tie, and a slipper

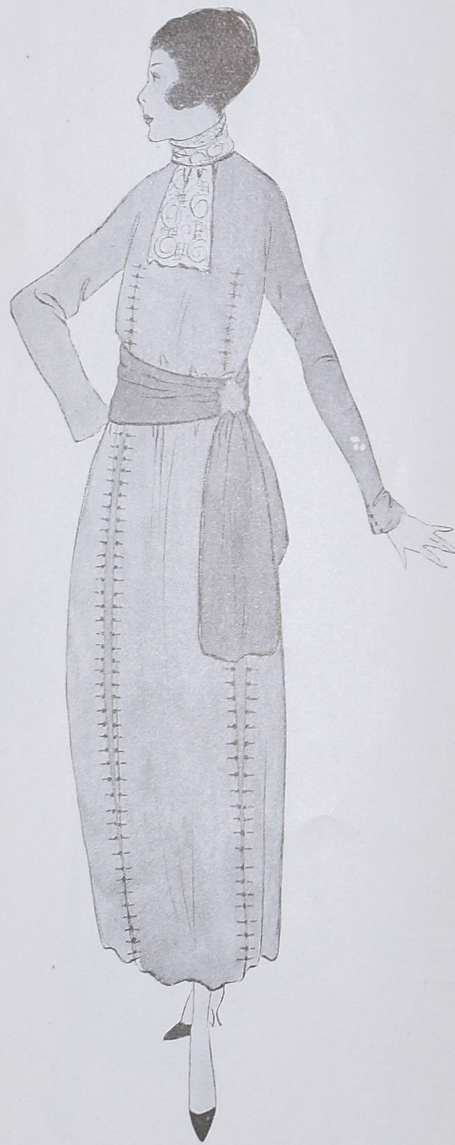


No one but a Frenchwoman would embroider a close satin bonnet in chenille flowers, fasten it with a chin-strap—and, with serene unconcern, wear it



PREMET

The cut of this fur collar justifies itself, even in these days when furs swathe the throat, by being most undeniably becoming



The jabot, sash, and general air of this blue serge dress remind one of the picturesque uniforms of the Catholic colleges

TWO MODELS
FROM JENNY

Three Pierrot pompons give a carnival air to a costume which borrows its collar from some friar's habit of bygone days



TWO MODELS
FROM CHÉRUIT

The black tulle of this evening frock is all a-glisten with crystal beads that tinkle whenever the little Parisienne moves



When a Frenchwoman jams her hat down over her eyebrows, she says it's put on "à la bad temper"—but it doesn't look it



This wrap was destined to be sent to some neutral country, so Chéruit forgot about war-time economy and trimmed its brown and gold with kolinsky bands



LANVIN

In Paris, they call a sleeve like this the "manche d'enfant," and then they go and put it on a black satin and jet gown

a monk-like collar of mole, and it is girdled like a monk's robe with a silken sash touched with fur; and then there are Pierrot pompoms down the front, to show that even a religieuse may sometimes have thoughts of carnival.

On the same page, at the lower left, is a success from Premet, which goes far to prove necessity again the mother of invention, or better, perhaps, that elaboration is the thief of chic. It shows a long coat of black silk jersey (a fabric immensely in favour), with a band of otter across the front weighing it down, and a big soft collar hugging the throat in the back and leaving it exposed in the front, in a fashion to make a logician writhe. A frock of extreme simplicity is designed to go under this coat.

THE NEW SLEEVE

As for the Lanvin gown at the upper right on this page, it indicates a return to tunics with floating skirts, and therefore it is interesting. There is originality in the line of jet that marks the plastron, which holds in place the gathers that give fullness to the gown. But the greatest novelty is in the sleeve,—*"manche d'enfant,"* they are calling it in Paris; it is very wide, very short, and leaves the arm absolutely bare, and,—do take notice—without even gloves. Here is a proof of the eclecticism of the mode; one frock may show a sleeve covering the hand, while another is almost sleeveless.

It is interesting, by the way, to note that

many women are now wearing their pearls inside their blouses; they do not care a bit whether they are seen or not. It is known that pearls "die" if they are not in constant contact with the skin, so the Parisienne is keeping her pearls beautiful against a happier time when she will again wear them with her décolleté gowns. Sometimes three or four rows of pearls are allowed to glisten under the fine linen or chiffon of the blouse, giving an effect which is discreet and charming at the same time. Of course, all this is confined to a small group, for the generality of women in Paris are not so much concerned with that sort of elegance, just now. But, all the same, one hears on every side that things are going better. The improvement is relative, certainly, but it is an indisputable fact, and one must rejoice with the merchants. It is not that the movement of economy shows any sign of abating; on the contrary, it is raging more fiercely than ever. In spite of this, there are hats to be seen that are simply covered with

paradise, although paradise is at the most prohibitive prices. The little hat worn with the Lanvin gown is proof of this. Even in furs, a slight change for the better is noted. If one does not wish to wear chinchilla and sable during the war, one may wear, nowadays, pelts that are not so very cheap, without being accused of extravagance. At least, one is giving work to the furriers, who have been making use even of dogs and cats while waiting for the return to luxuries.

CONSIDERING NEUTRAL COUNTRIES

In designing for the fashionable woman of neutral countries, Chéruit is not restrained by notions of simplicity. We judge by the two models which she shows on this page. There is a marvellous audacity in the mantle shown in the middle of the page. It is striped in brown and gold and bordered with a wide band of kolinsky; and everybody knows that kolinsky is not cheap. There are slits at the sides for the arms,—an unusual touch, for it would be more normal to wear this like a cape; but the newer idea is certainly more convenient. The black tulle evening gown, at the upper left on this page, is from Chéruit and is all hung with crystal beads, which give a tinkle of fairy bells when the wearer moves. Even this gown, destined for a gayer place than Paris, has a neck-line of noticeable discreetness. Chéruit's models are more individual than ever this season.

The Paquin frock at the lower right on this page reminds one of the jersey dresses of the eighties. Women used to put their eyes out (there was no Red Cross work or knitting for the Navy, then) sewing jet beads in rows and patterns on black silk jerseys; and that is a fashion which might possibly return, for jet figures largely in the present sartorial specifications. This frock is embroidered with it, with one pattern on the skirt, and another, quite different, on the elongated waist. Paquin is always original, as these three models prove. A real novelty, superb in embroidery, is the evening wrap shown at the bottom, and in the middle, of this page. The collar is of kolinsky, rolled about the neck and continuing round the waist, where it encircles a wide girdle which recalls a Japanese obi. One hardly knows whether the garment has drawn its inspiration from China or Japan, but oriental it is, beyond a doubt. The colour scheme is wonderful; on a gold ground, there are embroideries in blue, brown, and gold. The girdle is of robin's egg blue, and the wide sleeves are lined with brown velvet. The third Paquin



If you have a nose that turns up just enough (and the Parisienne has), you can wear ostrich tips like these

JEANNE DUC



Paris is wearing soft hats, like this one of brocade and fur; and sometimes it wears a tippet to match, like this, too

model is an afternoon frock of brown satin, trimmed with castor. This is shown at the lower left on this page. The skirt has long panels at the sides, banded with fur, and a fur belt that should cause the lady of ample proportions to take one look at this frock and then pass by quickly. The pleated collar of brown tulle is very interesting; it indicates that the mode has undergone a change of heart, and that the hard neck-line, which brings dark fabric directly into contact with the skin, may be softened by such amenities as tulle. There is a seventeenth century air about this collar; at any rate, it is so old that it is again new.

Probably at no other period in history has woman been so smart with such simple means as she is at present. She is getting effects which she had never achieved before with line and cut, by sheer force of elimination. She is wear-

ing her rabbit skins "with a difference" and with the supreme confidence in their appropriateness which sable and chinchilla alone were able to produce in other days. Of course, she could not do this without the inspiration of the great masters of clothes; but their hearts are set on the same ends as her own, so together they achieve wonders. We have an impression of his rising to meet the emergency when we visit the salons of such a couturier as Worth, who was synonymous, before the war, with all that was most sumptuous. His cut alone, dedicated to purity of line and scrupulous observance of tradition, gives astonishing results. One goes to an art exhibition to admire a piece of sculpture or an exquisite vase; in the same spirit one might contemplate Worth's use of brocades and silks,—as evidence of a subtle and delicate art of feminine attire. His is as good a school of taste as one could desire.

Simplicity modified by inexpensive, but effective, use of fur is the keynote of two models from Chanel, on page 43. Jersey cloth composes both of them; one, at the lower right on the



That collar is exactly what it looks,—pleated tulle. The frock is brown satin, the collar is brown, and the fur bands (for slim persons only) are brown



The kolinsky collar of this wrap doesn't stop at being a collar, but goes on around the waist and meets in front again

THREE MODELS
FROM PAQUIN

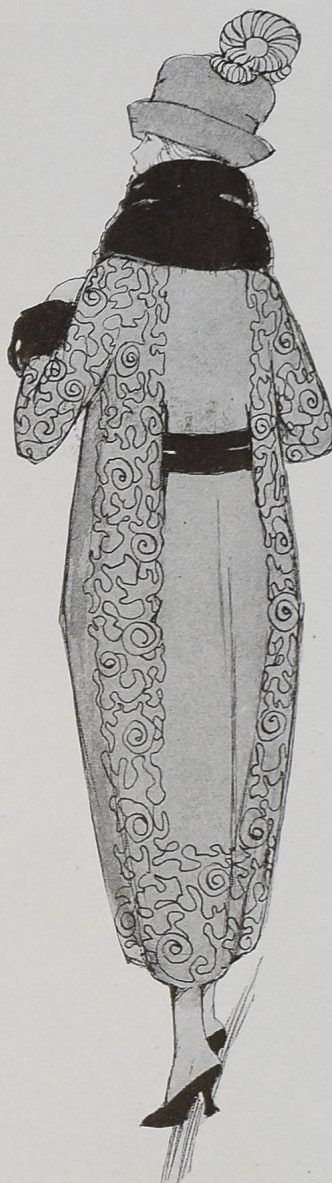


It does look like something that happened in the eighties,—and it is made of blue serge and black jet—jet certainly happened in the eighties with frequency



BERTHE HERMANCÉ

(Left) An instance of the elusive yet pervading Chinese influence is this frock of brown silk and otter embroidered in black and silver in designs clearly reminiscent of those on mandarin coats. A double girdle affords opportunity for four otter pompons to weight the ends



BERTHE HERMANCÉ

(Right) Not so long as the thermometer continues to drop and coal to soar will the Parisienne consider a costume without its complement of fur. Taupe is the fur selected for the generous vest, collar, and cuffs of a costume in purple tricot embroidered in purple silk and steel thread



(Left) Now that Paris again takes tea—though without cakes—the Ritz is again a scene of animation, and at the Ritz appeared this well-furred costume of old-red wool elaborately embroidered in black



CHANEL

Fur must, of course, be in key with the fabric. Thus a suit of apricot jersey takes to itself touches of gray squirrel here and there

page, is in marron, rather serious in aspect, with long lines, made longer by stripings of squirrel, which stop suddenly at the waist. The other, at the lower left, is more youthful; it is apricot-coloured, and its squirrel trimmings are a little less lavish. Berthe Hermance shows two models at the top of the same page; one, at the right, is of purple silk tricot, with a vest of mole, which is an example of this new place for fur, discovered but recently in the search for novelty in such trimming. The frock in the middle is an anonymous creation, which I happened to see in the street one afternoon. I thought it amusing enough to reproduce, for it looks for all the world like an embroidered sack, with a geometric pattern in old-red wool, and a glimpse of a leather belt in the back, to hold the fulness in place. Many of the hats sketched here have been glimpsed during the tea hour, or on shopping excursions. They illustrate the type of head-gear which is being worn at the moment.

J. R. F.



CHANEL

Adroit use of gray squirrel makes a dashing affair of an otherwise quiet costume of marron jersey, buttoned from top to toe



Henry Havelock Pierce, New York and Boston

MISS M. MILLICENT ROGERS

One of the future débutantes is Miss M. Millicent Rogers, who is the daughter of Colonel Henry H. Rogers. She is photographed on the balcony of her father's beautiful Italian villa at Southampton. Colonel Rogers is now in military service, and Mrs. Rogers and her daughter will spend the winter near him, in Washington, where he is now stationed.

THE RELATION OF CREEDS TO DEEDS

We Now Know That Our Belief in Free Speech

Is a Popular Fallacy; We Have Learned That

Heresy May Become Embodied in Blood and Iron

THE war has taught us a number of things; and they are nearly all in the nature of additions to our common sense. In this new extremity of ours, one would have looked rather for extremes and innovations. But it is not so. For the most part, our swift reversion to old and tried practices in order to meet the immediate demands of the time have been strangely and wholesomely conservative; we have restored traditional sanities and pruned away absurdities.

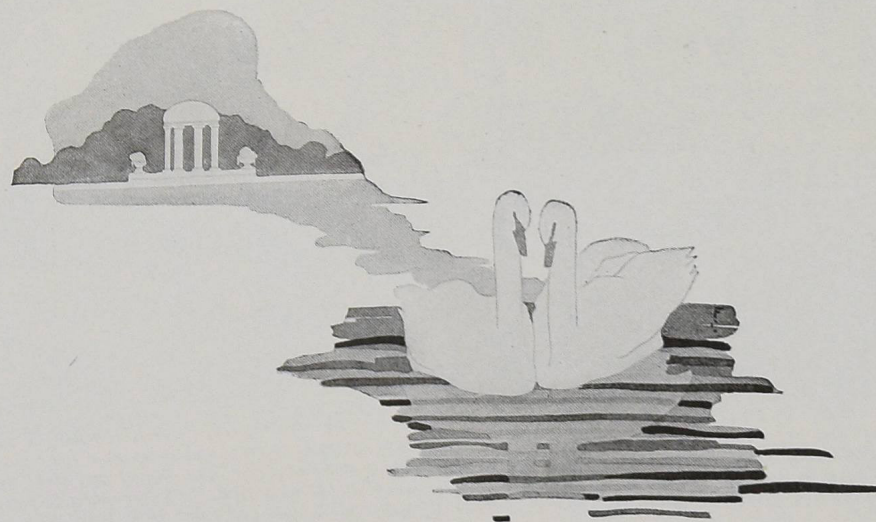
A YEAR ago, we regarded the thing called Free Speech as a sort of sacred axiom. That people might say what they pleased and print what they pleased unhindered, appeared to us a traditional and inalienable right; and we treated any attack upon this idea as a profane absurdity. Of course, it was our own attitude in the matter which was absurd. We concede no man the right to invade the rights of others: life is not for the murderer, nor liberty for the libertine; nor may a man pursue happiness into his neighbour's pocket. And so, in this matter of free speech, we have always set limits on the amount of freedom. We have always forbidden libel and indecency, and maintained a practical (though unofficial) censorship of the press and the theatre and the screen. But these, according to our curious habit, we upheld in practice while we denied them in theory. Theoretically, we thought all men had a right to their opinions; theoretically, we thought that so long as a man did no illegal thing, he might say what he pleased; and we thought that went without saying.

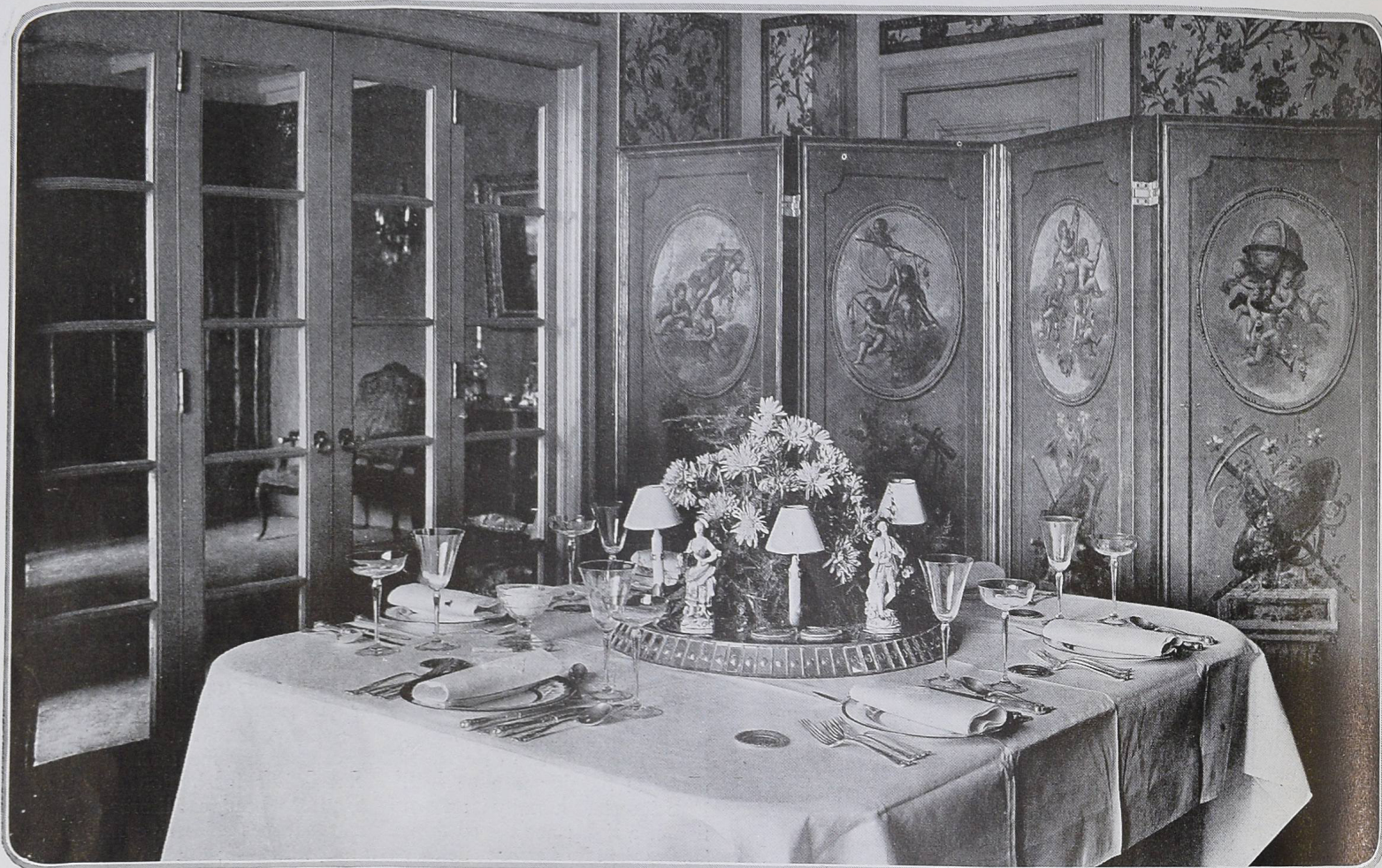
NOW this idea rests upon two popular impressions, neither of which is true. It depends first upon the notion that beliefs do not matter, that creeds do not result in deeds, so that we need hardly fear the effect of any mere thought, however foul or false. Certainly this is foolish enough. Science and religion and human experience unite in answering that as a man thinketh, so is he. And one would suppose a man at least as likely to do what he believes as to do what he denies. Secondly, it depends upon the notion that the truth is mighty and shall prevail; which we imagine to mean that if the multitude hear all sides alike, they can be counted upon to decide wisely. But we all know that they can be counted upon to do no such thing. We all know that people in general will

prefer out of a dozen arguments, not that one which bears the most weight of reason and evidence, but that one which they first easily understand. Let a lie be quite clear and simple, and spoken first, and the truth will have a long hard time prevailing.

SO our belief in the theory of Free Speech is a mistake. The true theory is all the other way. The true theory is that a falsehood is as infectious as the plague, and as hard to sterilize; the true theory is that an immoral precept is more practically dangerous than a conflagration. Theoretically, we ought to burn the heretic; but who shall decide for us what is orthodoxy? Theoretically, we ought to silence the liar; but who shall determine for us the truth? Democracy has found it safer to ignore in some measure the very practical dangers of falsehood than to delegate to any chosen few the terrible power of bidding men be still. That is our institution of Free Speech as it really is: not a right, but the practical limitation of a right; not a good thing, but oftentimes a lesser evil. To be tolerant of error is neither virtuous nor wise; but it may be the best we dare.

IT is worth while to point this out now, because our practice in the matter has been reformed perforce. We are not allowing people to say whatever they please at present; and we may as well recognize that this is not merely expedient in practice, but in theory, also, correct and sane. The book lies open before us wherein that lesson is written down. We thought belief was barren; we have seen a heresy spawn crimes and agonies innumerable. We thought that ideas did not matter; we have seen an intellectual fallacy embody itself in blood and iron. We thought that what men said could do no harm; we have seen false words kill men, and foolish words drown babies in the sea. And under the glare of these events, our minds turn back upon reality, and we remember forgotten simple things which the wise world has always known. We are at war against a creed; and they who fail to realize this fact are like to have it, in the bitter literalness of the phrase, brought home to them. It may be that we shall not soon again think lightly of tradition, nor deem the influence of men's faith and men's words beneath the attention of practical men.





The decoration of this well-set table consists of a round mirror in which is reflected an informal arrangement of flowers surrounded by quaint old Chelsea figures alternating with small shaded candlesticks. The whole decoration is low enough to permit the guests on opposite sides of the table to see each other—a wise arrangement which often has much to do with the success of a dinner. Bits of repartee fly back and forth across a table much more spontaneously when they do not have to go “over the top” of a high centrepiece. The plain damask cloth of fine quality, the napkins, folded oblong upon the plate, and the simple service of silver and glasses, indicate the correctly set table



M. E. Hewitt

Set for the last course of dinner, this table combines several features. The centrepiece, from Kottmiller, is an unusually graceful and not too expensive arrangement of large orchids, sprays of small orchids, and ferns, in a tall, slender, crystal vase with a silver stand. The silver candelabra with unshaded lights and the silver fruit knives and forks are of excellent design. The new, tall, slender-stemmed King Edward glasses, of embossed crystal, the finger-bowls to match, and the elaborate gold-bordered plates complete the service. Silver from Gorham; glass and china from Haviland and Company

THE POLISH *and* PERFECTION of DINNER GIVING

THE serving of a meal is a matter both of science and of art. It has developed, along with other arts and sciences, slowly, through the centuries. From the primitive days when the savage devoured his fare with his hands, through the ancient days of Roman feasts, when untold wealth was expended on a single meal and its service, straight down to the present time, when the tendency is to refresh the soul as well as the body, it has progressed steadily towards perfection. Perfection is still, no doubt, far ahead, but at least we have found some rules and customs which do much towards making the serving of a meal an enjoyable, healthful, and artistic matter.

THE INVITED GUEST

The secrets of a past master in the art of dinner giving have to do, first, with the guests to be invited. They should be chosen with the greatest care, for no dinner will be successful at which dull wits are assembled. A clever hostess would never invite two lions to the same feast, unless their combined roar promised to be a very brilliant passage at arms; she is wary of people who have no bump of humour, for they cannot add to the general enjoyment of a feast. In fact, the very laws of hygiene should forbid their presence, for there is nothing more conducive to a good old-fashioned attack of dyspepsia than to sit through a meal, flanked on either side by humourless fellow-guests. However, while every one acknowledges that there is great need for careful consideration in this matter of choosing guests, still one need not go to the extreme of that smart London hostess who never invites husbands and wives together, holding that they spoil each other's stories.

It takes careful deliberation to decide where the guests are to sit, and a wrong decision may mar the dinner. If the

The Clever Hostess, When She Gives a Dinner, Brightens Her Table Not Only with a Sparkle of Silver and Glass, but a Sparkle of Wits, as Well



Even the loveliest of flowers must be arranged in just the right vase to make a graceful table decoration. A silver basket of this kind is artistic in itself and is a charming setting for many kinds of flowers; from Gorham

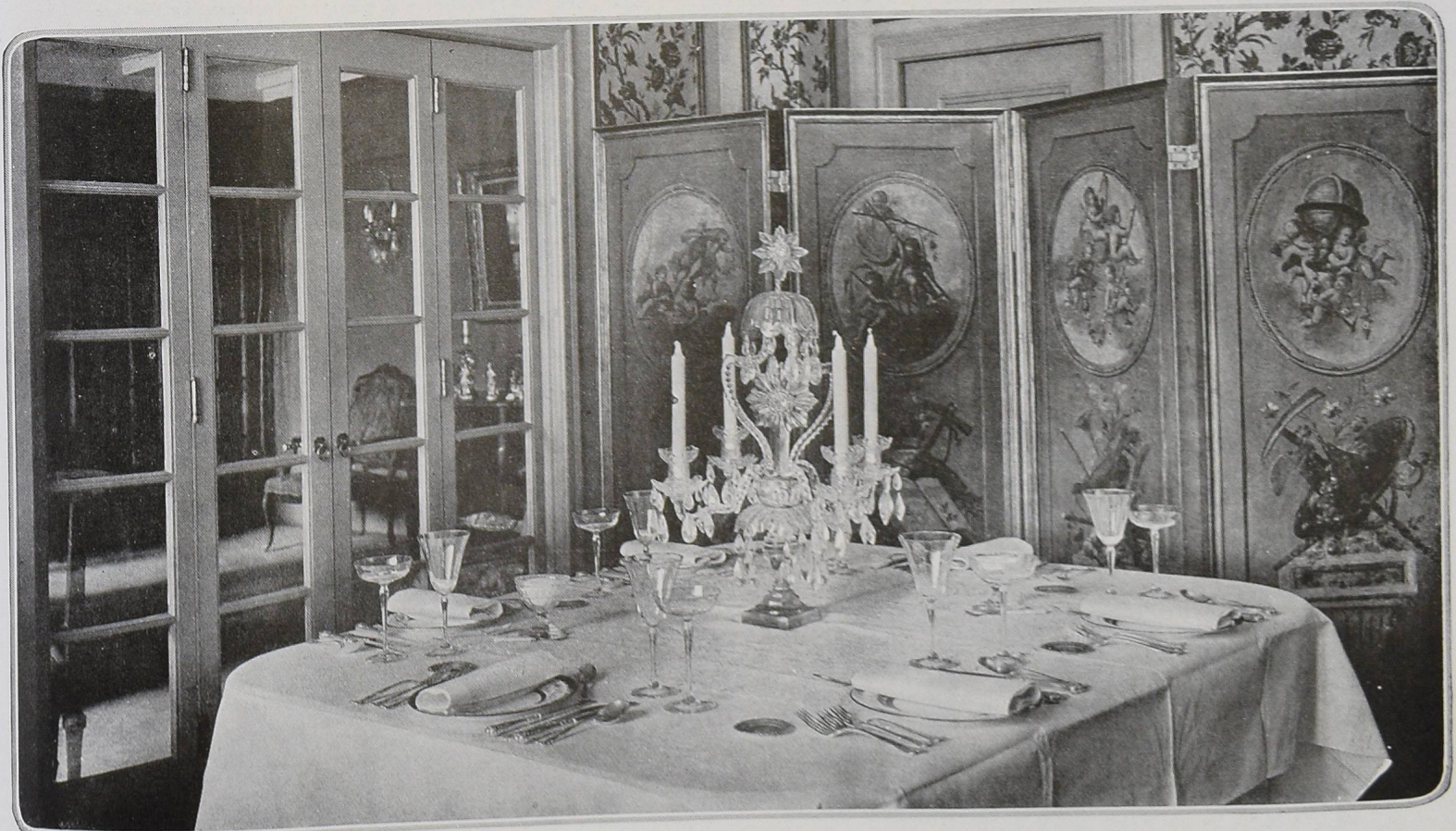
guest of honour is a ponderous gentleman, a hostess can always protect herself by putting a brilliant man at her left and flanking the sententious one with, perhaps, a vivacious widow on his left. The host may employ the same resources at his end of the table, and the meal will be fairly certain of success. And, by the way, in London, at present, the subject of the war is tabooed at a dinner—a rule that should now be applied here.

Having invited the guests, the hostess's thought turns to the actual repast, for it requires a real study of gastronomy to combine foods correctly and appetizingly. Rich and heavy dishes are not conducive to a flow of wit; the inexperienced hostess who makes the mistake of overloading the table soon finds it hard to assemble any but dull guests. A distinguished man of letters, who recently visited America, was the honoured guest of an ambitious hostess, and afterwards remarked about her dinner: "I assure you, there was nothing on the table for the stomach. No! I never go there again." And so, through a lack of knowledge of gastronomical combinations, one hostess lost the opportunity of ever again entertaining this lion of the season; his soul revolted at the prospect of ruining what, to the French mind, is a sacred organ—the stomach.

SIMPLICITY OF DECORATION

If too elaborate, the decorations, like the viands, are conducive to indigestion. Napery that is above reproach, glass, china, and silver that harmonize, and a simple charming centrepiece, all help to create an atmosphere that tends to clear-cut wit of a light or serious nature, as the case may be. Simplicity of arrangement is the keynote of the table of the woman of distinction. To begin with, the linen is chosen for its quality. A plain fine damask cloth is in good taste, and it

(Continued on page 74)



In war times many people feel that flowers and fruit are an extravagance, but even without them it is possible to make the table attractive. Here a George III Waterford glass candelabrum makes an exquisite centrepiece, and quaint salt-cellars to match are placed at two corners. Peach coloured goblets and wine-glasses give a touch of colour, and the whole effect is more lovely because of the quality of the plain satin damask cloth and the beautiful square of old filet lace

WIRING ONE'S WAY THROUGH FRIENDSHIP

OUT of all that is constantly written about friends and friendship, how little there is that is really helpful. We are told that friendship is beautiful or dangerous or impossible, and that friends are treacherous or priceless, as the case may be, but when it comes right down to Friends, Their Care and Training, every thinker (and writer) has sidestepped the problem all the way through, from Plato to the modern magazine. That is, up to the present moment.

Now, with a modest "ta ra ta ra" of trumpets, it has become possible to announce the appearance of a slim blue and gray volume that meets the friend situation squarely, that marches right up to it, looks it in the eye, stands its ground firmly, says what it has to say, and passes on without the loss of an ounce of nervous energy. Once and for all, friends, together with their right wing, acquaintances, and their left wing, relatives, have been put in their places. The volume has met our friends, the enemy, and they are its.

HOW IT STARTED

Very likely the idea of this book came about something in this wise. Scene: Square-jawed Western Union Telegraph manager's office. Manager dictating to his oval-faced stenographer: "Memo to the President: Owing to the high cost of paper and the growing scarcity of lead for pencils, it has become an increasing source of grief to all our operators to witness the daily destruction of telegraph blanks and pencils on the part of a public which cannot decide what to say to its friends. Shall we not compose the public's messages for it?"

At all events, the public (you and I and Ann Pennington and Gertrude Atherton and President Wilson) have at last been told what to say to our friends over the wire and when to say it.

Chapter One, in a timely sort of way, takes up the problem of New Year's Greetings. A peculiarly happy stroke, because, if there was ever a day entirely unsuited to the arrangement on paper of brilliant little flecks of poignant thought, that day was the one which follows New Year's Eve.

But now, thanks to the new book, as A drops past the telegraph office on his way to make the

When in Doubt, Just Send a Telegram,

It Saves Lots of Trouble, and the

Wired Word Has a Charm of Its Own

By ANNE HERENDEEN



day's calls, he whisks his First Aid to the Friendful from its moorings in his morning coat and with one eye on the copy avails himself of Greeting Number One:

"Best wishes for the New Year. May it bring to you and your family, health, happiness, peace and prosperity. May it see your hopes fulfilled, and may it be rich in the successful accomplishment of your highest aims."

So much for A and the expression of his soul. In B we may find a man of far deeper nature requiring a more epic mode of utterance. Very well; for B, there is Greeting Number Three:

"With every passing year my affection (friendship) for you grows deeper and stronger, and with all my heart I wish that the New Year may be one of happiness and good fortune to you."

Supposing C, who is something of a cynic, wishes to wire his mother's cousin, who owes him money, his finger will travel down to Number Twelve:

"What the coming year may hold, we can none of us foresee. It is my (our) most earnest wish for you that it may bring forth a generous harvest of happiness and good fortune."

The very tired business man will select Number Two:

"Best wishes for a Happy New Year."

The débutante will send to her rival (who came out three seasons ago and doesn't look it), Number Thirteen:

"May the coming year and all that succeed it deal lightly and kindly with you."

PERFECT OF THEIR KIND

While for a person who is trying to get your money away from you, what could be better than Number Eighteen?:

"If the New Year brings the fulfilment of my dearest wish, it will contain for you only health and happiness."

The two or three months after New Year's elapse pleasantly enough, with perhaps no further use for the wire than directions to one's lawyer to mortgage the old farm again, when, presto, it is Eastertide, and up pops the old goblin, "What shall I wire Caroline (or Ethelwyn or the Pearsons or the nice young man mamma disapproved of so at The Springs)?"

Which brings us to Chapter Two in the invaluable booklet quoted,—"Easter Greetings." For gamblers on the crest of their luck, heiresses who have just come into their fortunes, and head waiters, Number One is just the thing; what is more, it is just as suitable for one's old nurse as for one's fellow clubman:

(Continued on page 68)

A S S E E N b y H I M

HERE we are at the portals of Christmas. We have passed through a momentous history-making year since last we hung gaily tied evergreen wreaths in our windows, and now New York is in gayer mood and I have no doubt that every city, town, and village throughout the United States reflects the same joyous spirit. It is the consciousness of good deeds well done. Perhaps we needed a little stimulant; our better feelings have been dormant. But now we are awake and, leaving military charities out of the question for the moment (though we hate to lose sight of them even momentarily), I have never known a time when benevolence was more universally practised. We are taking care of our own. Society (as understood by the masses, to be composed of the affluent and prosperous, the givers of balls and dinners, the members of clubs, and the much-maligned magnates of Wall Street) has emerged from the crucible, pure gold.

The Spirit of Christmas Mixes Well with the Spirit that Comes with War, for Both Are Built on Generosity and Self-sacrifice

Since the beginning of the war, the nose of New York has been put a bit out of joint. Washington has come into its own. It is the capital of the nation now, as it has never been before. The season in Washington will be interesting, for, while there will be fewer public functions at the White House, there will be many dinners and other affairs at which every one of note will be present. This year the Christmas festival will be, as much as possible, a simple family affair. It will be celebrated in a true religious spirit—as it should be. I think that there will be much

hour cards may still be purchased, but one must take what one can get.

Christmas is the children's festival, and this year, as in other years, they come from schools and colleges to be with us for the holidays. And Christmas is the time for children's parties. It is a little difficult to please them,—our young people are so grown up and blasé, these days. Of course, in the large cities, there is always the matinee party and, in New York, the Hippodrome and the pantomime, by which I mean

(Continued on page 66)

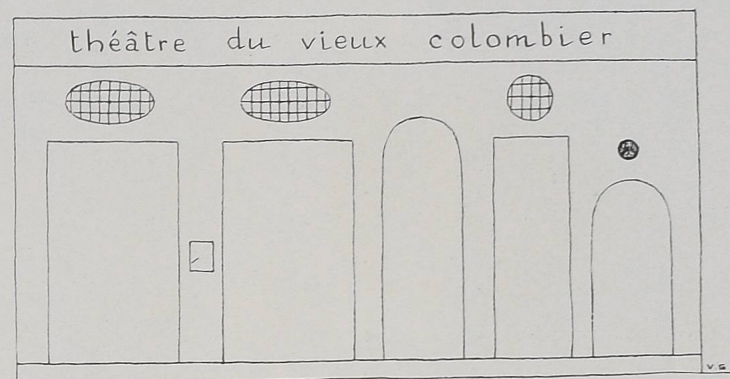
FOR NEW YORK—A NEW FRENCH THEATRE



By this sign you will know that the players of Jacques Copeau have alighted in New York, and that they may be seen in their new "Dove-cote" at 35th Street

The Dwellers in the Little Paris Theatre, Fancifully Known as "The Dove-Cote," Are Birds of Passage Who Have Braved Even the Wide Atlantic to Establish a New French Theatre in New York

SKETCHES BY VALENTINE GROSS



(Above) When the players of Jacques Copeau had a home in Paris, it was all very simple, and very charming, too. We have made you a little drawing of its façade

IN October, 1913, the youngest of the French theatres came to life. It took a good deal of courage for it to be born at all, in that city of sumptuous theatrical enterprises and hoary-headed theatrical tradition; but the newcomer possessed plenty of the necessary courage, and events proved that his temerity was justified. The Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier, in a tiny playhouse tucked into the gray dignity of the old street of the same name, celebrated its birthday on October 22. It had eight months of strenuous existence, in which about two hundred and fifty performances were given; it was taken to visit foreign parts; Mulhouse, Colmar, Strassburg, London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham all saw this little theatre and its brave band of artists. It behaved so well that it was invited to Italy, Switzerland, and Belgium. Then the war broke out. For three years this precocious fledgling has been in a state of suspended animation, but a sea voyage was prescribed for it, and it is hoped that the favourable air of New York will restore it and allow it to attain its full growth.

THE NON-COMMERCIAL THEATRE

And what is the Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier, that so much attention should be given to it? It is the French expression of the art theatre, the non-commercial, free, disinterested stage, examples of which have been created by revolutionaries in several other European countries during the last few years. The head and front of the whole thing is Jacques Copeau, the young critic, playwright, and author, associated with the group who started *La Nouvelle Revue Française*, and succeeded in making it one of the most talked-of publications of its time. All of a sudden, Copeau discovered what he really was,—a "stage man", a creator of theatrical life. His friends believed in him, and the Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier was the result.

He himself declared his aim to be the renovation of the French stage, then in the grip of a commercialism foreign to art and growing in formidable might every day. Perhaps the word "simplification" sums up the nature of his reforms more succinctly than any other.

When the word came that the "Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier" was going to brave the perils of the sea and go to New York, there was much to be done and packed

Few reformers have concerned themselves with the financing of their reforms, but Copeau seems to have realised that the great obstacle to unfettered expansion towards an art theatre is the preliminary expense of a production. No wonder that managers are bound to conservatism, to "what the public wants", to the star system, to the neglect of the old masterpieces, and to the discouragement of "unarrived" new authors, when the initial expenses of mounting a play involve a fortune.

Copeau works out the details of the setting of his plays in an original manner. In his study, above the stage of the transformed Garrick Theatre, where the Vieux-Colombier has found a New York home, he has a small model of the stage, about four feet high, which he imported with the rest of the equipment from Paris. It is an unusual affair, this stage; where the boxes would be in an ordinary theatre, are two towers, with latticed



(Left) We forgot to ask him for his signature, but this is the only and authentic profile of Jacques Copeau

windows in them, staircases inside, and platforms in front. Some of the action may take place in one of these towers, often connected by bridges with the main stage. Copeau also makes use of the "apron" or fore-stage, and, as an added feature, of the *tréteau* of the village players of Old France, a sort of large platform, with steps at the sides and a bench in front. An actor in one of the comedies of Molière, for example, will suddenly lead upon this platform, focusing the attention of

the house upon himself in this way. As to the actual scenery, Copeau uses cubes, rectangles, blocks of steps, groups of objects which look for all the world like children's blocks. His model stage is equipped with the same lighting effects as the real stage—without footlights, of course—and here he works out the arrangements of the acts, moving the pieces about as readily as the actors. This "scenery" is so imaginative and so adapt-

This emblem represents a band of players that has seen many lands and charmed many nations. New York has been awaiting them, and now they are here

able that it is as responsive to changes during rehearsal as the players themselves. For "modern" settings, or for forest scenes, he uses screens and imaginative effects in colour and lighting, to take the place of the two-dimension trees and shaky canvas rocks of tradition.

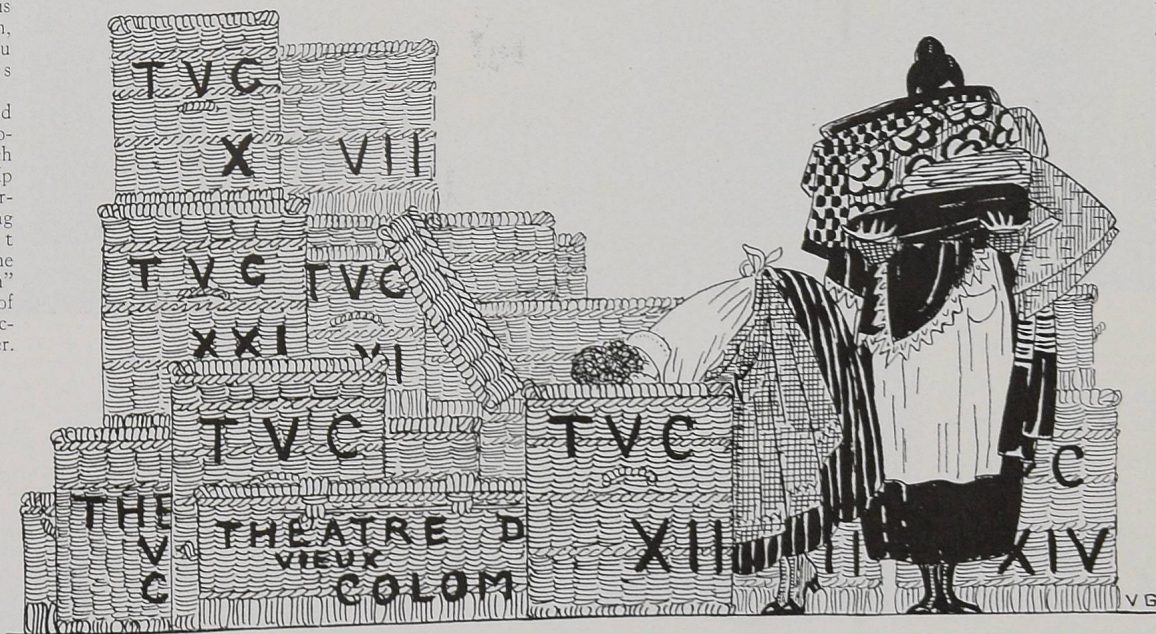
Having eliminated the scenic problem, he next abolished the "star." A vigorous offensive against virtuosity of all sorts culminated in the perception of the true relation of each individual rôle to the whole. Always the emphasis is laid upon the drama itself; neither the actor nor the setting is allowed to distract for a moment from the importance of the words. Of course, such a system demands a repertoire of extraordinary worth, and Copeau's choice wisely included plays ranging from the French and English classics to the most modern works.

BUILDING A SCHOOL OF ACTING

The foundation of a school of acting was the next step. The first company, who produced "A Woman Killed with Kindness" at the historic première, was composed of several actors of reputation and of young "unknowns" developed by Copeau himself. They spent many weeks of preparation in the country, working as surely no theatrical company ever worked before, at open air gymnastics. When the war upset all conditions, the men in the Vieux-Colombier were mobilized or volunteered. They tried to keep in touch with each other and with their leader, however, and finally, no one knows just how, their release from the trenches was managed. It is a fact that many of the company have seen three years of actual service. In November, 1915, very young people, even children, were enlisted for the training school which should eventually make up new companies. Then came the invitation to New York,

following Copeau's visit to America on a government mission. When the company sailed from France, they carried with them the best wishes of their country, and its thanks to the New York Board of Directors, headed by Mr. Otto H. Kahn, who had made the dream of the Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier of New York a reality.

No theatrical company in America has been seen with travelling baskets like these, but this is how the "Vieux-Colombier" players packed their all when they left Paris





TORTOLA VALENCIA

Tortola Valencia is a Spanish dancer who has appeared on every continent except North America, and now she has come to New York to appear in "Miss 1917," a new production by Charles Dillingham and Florenz Ziegfeld. Tortola Valencia originated the "Maja" dance, in which she wears a gown taken from the Maja paintings of Goya and dances to music composed for her by Enrique Granados, the author of "Goyescas," which appeared at the Metropolitan last winter. Zuloaga has also designed many of her gowns

SEEN on the STAGE

IN this time of storm and stress, when the Hun is at the gate, there are two ideals that we must cling to, lest they perish from the earth; and one of them is Loveliness, and the other is Joy. America has entered the great war because we hold the truth to be self-evident that joy and loveliness, like freedom, are inalienable rights. This very simple creed, the artists of America must continually strive to keep before the public,—lest we forget. There is no longer any time to talk of minor matters; and this is something that our artists should remember. It may be that our days are numbered. Before many months—if matters still continue to look dark—the pencils and the pens of all Americans who seek to make this sorry world a garden wherein God may walk at evening must be tossed aside and superseded by the bayonet. Meanwhile—while we write and draw and paint and sculpt and act—let us, by all means, do it beautifully. Let us justify our little hour in the sunlight, before the shadow falls. Let us show some sudden and tremendous inkling of the great work that we might have done if the arch-enemy of loveliness and joy had not assaulted us and called us from our peaceful labours. And, if it is ordained that we should cease to be, let us go forth singing to our deaths, like Alan Seeger, who is now immortally American; and, to purge our souls of savage thoughts before we swarm over the top and wallow forward through the mud, let us choose for our slogan, not "Remember the *Lusitania*!", but "Remember Rheims!" Life is fleeting, at its best; but Art is long. There is no room in the same world for Prussianism and Art; and ruined Rheims shall be re-venge.

Two thousand, three hundred and thirty years ago, Euripides of Athens was doomed to exile at the age of seventy, and set forth, in the winter of his years, to break bread with the barbarians of Macedonia, and, alone among their mountains, to write the "Bacchæ" and to die. This last of all his many works is infinitely lovely and miraculously joyous. It contains a single chorus which seems to me more poignant than any other passage in sheer lyric literature; and this passage has been translated with a kindred art by Professor Gilbert Murray:

*"What else is Wisdom? What of man's endeavour
Or God's high grace, so lovely and so great?
To stand from fear set free, to breathe and wait;
To hold a hand uplifted over Hate;
And shall not Loveliness be loved for ever?"*

That final question, heard once, can never be forgotten,—not even by ears that have been stopped with dust and have ceased forevermore to hearken to any other earthly music. That question formulates our answer to the Hohenzollerns and tells the truth we are prepared to die for. For, "shall not Loveliness be loved for ever?" Indeed, indeed, it shall:—though Venice fall like Rheims, and the Hun lay savage hands upon the Taj Mahal itself. For it is not a lovely thing to give our treasure and our lives for loveliness; and is it not a joyous thing to fight and die most joyously for joy?

We Have Become, Through Stress, an Adult Nation, Prepared to Put Away Childish Things; And We Long for Life and Cry Aloud for Art

By CLAYTON HAMILTON



Charlotte Fairchild



Davis and Sanford

There are half a hundred million men in these United States; and this means fifty million poets,—minus only five or ten: for Shakespeare is our father, and Walt Whitman is our elder brother, and we have been taught to answer rightly that great question of Euripides.

But,—shall not Loveliness be loved for ever?" This interrogation must be answered not only on the battlefield, but also in our daily lives, and in that current and contemporary art on which our lives are daily fed. The drama is the most popular and democratic of the arts; and a time has come when our theatre should deal with nothing that is less than lovely, but should shout forth with that triumphant joyousness which comes of an admitted recognition of the axiom; that Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty. "Other times, other manners": and, before the war, there was plausible excuse for entertaining us with clever crooks, and Broadway slang, and the semi-Yiddish dialect of cloak-and-suit comedians, and plots and tricks and subterfuges, and pretty chorus-girls and syncopated music. Now, at last, we are adult, and are prepared to put away these childish things. We have learned to long for Life, and to cry aloud for Art, which is nothing less than life idealized; and the things we seek, in going to the theatre, are Loveliness and Joy.

"BARBARA"

Not many of our managers are gifted with a love of loveliness; and, among the very few who may always be relied upon to appeal to the noblest instincts and finest apperceptions of the public, the name of Arthur Hopkins is coming rapidly—like the name of Abou-Ben-Adhem in the poem of Leigh Hunt—to "lead all the rest." Mr. Hopkins, of course, sometimes makes mistakes in judgment; but he never makes mistakes in taste. He has produced good plays and bad plays, plays that have succeeded and plays that have failed; but in every one of his productions there has been discernible the note of beauty. Our theatre has grown finer for his presence. We need no longer scramble down the ladder of civilization as we hand out our tickets of admission at the door.

No more delicate production has ever been exhibited upon our stage than Mr. Hopkins' production of a recent play called "Barbara". The casting, the acting, the setting, the lighting, the stage-direction, all are perfect, or at least so nearly perfect that it would be difficult to point a finger at any little flaw. The leading part is played by Marie Doro, and so beautifully played that it is difficult to realize that this is the same actress who nearly always used to seem incompetent when she appeared under the direction of the late Charles Frohman. The whole production is environed with an atmosphere through which poetic mysticism seems to drift precipitate, like the magic light that bubbles through the waters of the Blue Grotto of Capri.

The name of Rudyard Kipling is not mentioned on the programme; but "Barbara" is a dramatic version of the unforgettable idea inherent in his greatest story. It is, of course, imaginable that this idea may have occurred quite inde-

This summer we told you that Laurette Taylor was to appear in a series of plays by J. Hartley Manners, and now you can see her at the Liberty Theatre in the second one, "The Wooing of Eve"

pendently to Florence Lincoln, who is announced as the author of the play. It is even possible that Miss Lincoln might honestly assert that she has never read or heard of Mr. Kipling's "They"; but this confession of a lack of culture would hardly be expected from one of Professor Baker's pupils. More probably, the printer of the programme is at fault—printers are sometimes careless about copy.

In the opinion of the present writer, Mr. Kipling's "They" is the greatest short story in the world; and nothing more need be said in praise of the subject-matter of "Barbara." Miss Lincoln's handling of the theme, however, is occasionally crude and bungling. In particular, her first act is unsatisfactory, because the exposition is intricate and baffling and obscure. The play lacks action and energy and the deeply-to-be-desired sense of "getting on." The tempo is too slow and desultory. Also, the mood is too monotonous; and more relief from this monotony should be afforded by the kindling antithetic touch of humour. Because of these defects, which are due to Miss Lincoln's inexperience in addressing the helter-skelter public of Broadway, it seems likely that the play will fail. Commercial failure is, of course, important to the author and the actors and the manager; but it is of minor moment to the critic. The subject-matter of "Barbara" is poignantly and tragically beautiful; and the production, to the last and least detail, is scarcely preceded in its loveliness. "And shall not Loveliness be loved for ever?" . . .

"THE PIPES OF PAN"

The very title of "The Pipes of Pan" sounds a flute-like invitation to the mood of beauty; and this invitation is not vetoed by the modern comedy that carries so Arcadian a name. Mr. Edward Childs Carpenter is deserving of great



praise; for he is one of the few American playwrights whose work, from first to last, has evermore been actuated by a love of loveliness. It is always pleasant to listen to his plays, because—so audibly—they have been written by an author who is both well-bred and well-read. Mr. Carpenter is gifted with a pretty fancy and a dainty wit, a taste which is delicate and that subtle sense of the agreeable amenities which has to be inherited because it cannot possibly be learned. This author's work is not robust; it is not weighty, nor—in the final sense—important; but it is always charming and engaging. The reason is that Mr. Carpenter can write. He is gifted with an ear—an organ much more rare than many people think; for even auditors who have been moved to tears by the footfall of fine phrases very seldom understand the subtle art by which they have been moved.

The hero of "The Pipes of Pan" is a middle-aged artist who has lost his zest for painting because he has previously lost his zest for life. Accidentally he meets a woman whom he had loved with fervour nearly twenty years before; and this woman gaily lures him to a costume-ball, where he comes alive again. After an all-night frolic, he brings back his companion to breakfast in his studio; and, at this innocent prosaic function, the two are discovered by the matter-of-fact daughter of the hero and the utterly unimaginative (and therefore evil-minded) husband of the heroine. This husband—aided and abetted by a solemn brother whose outlook upon life admits no apprehension of loveliness and joy—makes a scene, which becomes the "big scene" of the play, and threatens a divorce. The artist accepts gladly this unpremeditated prospect of a marriage with the lost love of his youth; but—after a few hours—his dream of happiness is interrupted. The grown son of

(Continued on page 70)



Three photographs by Alfred Cheney Johnston

We all remember Margot Kelly—she of the brilliant hair—who delighted us last year in "Pierrot the Prodigal"; and now, to our further joy, she is appearing in "Miss 1917"

Laura Hope Crews, of "Peter Ibbetson" fame, is now playing the leading rôle in "Romance and Arabella," a whimsical bit of very diverting nonsense by William Hurlbut



Charlotte Fairchild
We'd walk a crooked mile to see William Faversham, —any day. And even in the rather trite rôle of James Lane Fountain in "The Old Country", taken from a drama by Dion Calthorp, we find ourselves under his spell



Grace George, in "Eve's Daughter", held us in spite of an ungrateful rôle; now she has found a finer medium for her art in "L'Élévation"

M A K E R S o f M U S I C

The Music of the Old Masters

Dominates the Programme To-day

By HIRAM



Ira L. Hill

This winter New York is to hear May Peterson, who was formerly with the Opera Comique in Paris, in leading soprano rôles at the Metropolitan Opera



Maurice Goldberg

Of extraordinary interest to the musical public was the American debut of Jascha Heifetz, a young Russian violinist who has met with great success in Europe

But a Few Courageous Artists

Present the Modern Compositions

KELLY MODERWELL



Moffett

The former successes of Florence Easton, in singing in Europe, cause much interest in her appearance as a leading soprano of the Metropolitan Opera



Charlotte Fairchild

Vanni Marcoux, the famous baritone who, though an Italian by birth, has fought with the French army since the outbreak of the war, has obtained a leave and will sing with the Chicago Opera Company in New York

THE worship of one's ancestors, after the Chinese fashion, is not unknown on our western hemisphere. We Americans imagine that we are an untraditional people, but a few weeks' study of the musical life of New York will charm that theory into a deep sleep. Nowhere, the world over, are concert programmes so ancestral as right here, in America. We pay reverence only where there is a monument. We bend the knee only to our musical grandfathers.

THE PROGRAMME OF OLD MASTERS

The old programmes, composed of Bach and Beethoven and Brahms, or of Schubert and Schumann and Brahms, have done their work in educating the ears of a people only too disposed to regard music as a frivolous and somewhat reprehensible entertainment. At the time when opera was triumphantly sweeping through Europe, our New England forefathers were gravely discussing whether it was seemly to use the organ in the service of the Lord, and were reprimanding members of their congregation for playing the fiddle in their homes. A century and a half later, Theodore Thomas was putting Viennese waltzes on his symphony programmes as a bribe to induce people to come and listen to brief snatches of Beethoven and Wagner. American audiences were obliged to go through a fairly severe course of

instruction in the old masters in order to overtake the cultural standard of Europe. Musically, America was so long a backward nation that nothing short of a religious catechism in the art, made up of constant repetitions of the sacred writings, could overcome the handicap.

THE OLD CROWDS OUT THE NEW

But the "solid" programme has become a ritual. Of all the music which one hears in a week of devoted concert-going, scarcely a tenth is the work of living composers. We are under a veritable tyranny of the antique. It is a condition which would scarcely be tolerated in any of the other arts. This does not imply any depreciation of the old masters; the great have lost none of their glory. Many of the notable composers of to-day are already more nearly "out of date" than kindly old Johann Sebastian Bach, who, in his little organ loft in the Thomaskirche, conquered the world of music as Napoleon conquered Europe. But this is not an excuse; sheer greatness should not be all. And besides, many of the composers who are enshrined in our concert programmes are of trivial importance. What would be said of the American theatre if it continually put upon the stage plays like "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "The School for Scandal," and "The Lady of Lyons," and

(Continued on page 76)

IT has come to be, as it were, in the course of nature that the New York art season should find its annual opening in the exhibition of the New York Water Color Club. This year's exhibition, which filled two galleries at the Fine Arts Building during November, was somewhat smaller than usual numerically, and (perhaps for that reason) of a distinctly higher average of merit.

There was a welcome lessening of the use of gouache, and this resulted in a refreshing demonstration of the joy of pure water colour and its freedom to soar untrammelled above laboured opaque imitations of oil or of any other medium. This enthusiasm for the possibilities of pure water colour was evident throughout the exhibition, but it reached its height with a rare perfection of handling in "The Very Blond Baby," a fresh and charming inspiration of Hilda Belcher's, which in itself was worth a trip to the galleries.

"THE VERY BLOND BABY"

In the Hudnut Prize for the most meritorious water colour in the exhibition, this work won an honour which was unquestionably its due. No other painting shown there could rival it in freshness, spontaneity, and mastery of the medium. It is a brilliant and sympathetic expression of a fleeting moment of babyhood, a moment which Hilda Belcher has realized and portrayed with all the delicacy and fresh directness and simplicity of the subject itself. Apart from its interpretative side, the work is a most decorative composition, in which the child's head is the dominant note,—more alive than anything else in the picture, higher in key, with its dancing blue eyes, rose-petal cheeks, and sunny hair in silhouette against a soft yellow ground varied by porcelain decorated in the brown black of sepia. The fur coat and the mahogany stand, blending in a soft mulberry tone, complete the colour composition. From every point of view, the work is a delight, be it for its delicate child study, for its decorative quality, its clear and harmonious color, or its mastery of the medium in which it is done. "The Very Blond Baby" is as satisfying and exquisite a bit of trans-

Hilda Belcher, whose spontaneity and free handling of pure water colour make her work the joy of water colour exhibitions, was winner (by virtue of "The Very Blond Baby") of the Hudnut prize at the Water Color Club



HILDA BELCHER

T parent water colour as New York has seen in many seasons.

Although it is true that a painter may use any means to gain his end, so long as the result warrants it, it is equally true that the finest art labours to make the most of the possibilities of any given medium, to express what may not be expressed with equal success through some other means. In this matter of "being true to the medium," it is the water colour painters who have most often sinned, degrading their medium to a mere imitation of oil painting or intermixing it with pastel and chalk, until the great beauties inherent in pure water colour have been completely lost. The tendency at present is toward a renewed interest in the development of the possibilities inherent in the water colour medium itself, and in this exhibition the transparent quality of water colour used in pure wash has resulted in such pleasing landscapes as "After the Rain," by Ernest Albert and "A New England Pasture," by A. T. Van Laer, and once again in the vivid little composition, "The Wandering Tinsmith. Senlis," by Ethel Pennewill Brown. With stronger and more brilliant colour, Gifford Beal painted a composition of the hills and valleys and a brilliant sunny garden, both done with his usual directness and freshness of colour.

A PAINTER OF FLOWERS

It used to be an accepted fact that a water colour exhibition necessarily meant flower composition; indeed, there have been times when the flowering of the galleries at the Fine Arts Building was such as to try the stoutest soul. To the welcome absence of the mediocre flower study from this year's exhibition was added more positive virtue in the presence of two exceptionally lovely flower studies by Mary Van der Veer. Looking at "Frost Touched Petunias," we rejoice that some one can paint flowers not only for their beauty and charm but in a composition which is, in itself, a thing of unusual beauty.

Of the numerous groups and scenes which represented Felicie Howells, two stand out for their (Continued on page 72)

(Below) Skill in the portrayal of moving crowds is a gift of which Felicie Waldo Howells makes excellent use in her flag-hung "In Honor of the Belgian Commission," exhibited at the New York Water Color Club



Among the pastels by the Hungarian artist Murranyi, which were on view at the Reinhardt galleries during November, was a portrait of Miss Elizabeth Stuyvesant Howard

(Left) Louis Betts, who has won a recognized position as a painter of portraits, showed in his recent exhibition at the Macbeth Gallery this double portrait of the children of Mrs. Stephen C. Millett



S E E N i n t h e S H O P S



Just a little hand-crocheted collar can transform a mere suit into a skating-costume—if the collar looks like this. Of white wool with light blue wool embroidery; \$10



The time has come, the skater says, for a warm woolly sweater and scarf and cap, and a real skate in the country. This set in llama wool comes in tan with various colour combinations; \$40. In mohair wool, in various colour combinations; \$25

ALL through the excitement and flurry of early and late autumn shopping, one looks ahead to a blissful period when everything will be finished and one may breathe in peace until the early spring. But that is only another illusion, for when the last frock is home there is always some disappointment—no matter how cleverly and carefully the wardrobe has been planned. It was to meet such contingencies that the frocks and blouses and other articles sketched here were chosen, as well as because they offer excellent opportunities for the discriminating woman.

DOING ONE'S BIT OF SKATING

The girl who prefers to don a short skirt and to venture forth into the country, where there are real ice and sometimes too realistic breezes, will appreciate the sweater set sketched above, at the left. It is of heavy llama wool in a soft shade of tan, and is trimmed—hat, scarf, and sweater—with vicuna wool in blue, rose, green, purple, or a rich brown shade. One of the charms of the sweater is the making of the sleeve and cuff, which allow plenty of room for the sleeve of the blouse and yet are sufficiently tight at the wrist to ward off the chilly blasts. This same model may be purchased in mohair wool, in dark or light sage green, in purple and gray, or brown and rose, with smart trimming bands of self colour. In these hurried days, however, one is not always able to go out of town to do one's bit of skating. The odd little hand-crocheted collar, shown in the middle, above, is wintry enough in appearance to give the atmosphere of the great outdoors, wherever one goes to skate. Of white wool with blue wool embroidery, it may be worn with almost any type of suit, or even with a heavy frock, to give the correct finish of a skating-costume. The set sketched in the middle of page

56 is attractive and practical for any winter sport. The scarf is unusually wide and warm and the cap is reminiscent of the tam o'shanter of our childhood, with a grown-up touch in the woolly cocarde. This set is made of imported Scotch wool and comes in gray or khaki colour with four brilliant coloured stripes.

The two frocks sketched on this page and the page following are both suitable for the innumerable occasions when one wishes a frock for formal afternoon or informal evening wear. The one at the lower right, on page 56, is of a quality that has an elastic firmness and yet has the sheeriness that one looks for in good Georgette crêpe. Crystal beads to match the colours of this frock are used as trimming. The frock may be had in Nattier blue, flesh colour, gray, or black—an unusual range of colours that are particularly lovely in this material. A loose apron weighted with bead embroidery and a softly draped bustle fall over an accordion-pleated underskirt. The waist is a simple affair of crystal beads and Georgette crêpe, with a charming line at the neck. A very clever bit of draping—one might almost say wrapping—brings the fulness of the sleeve into a tight wisp of a cuff.

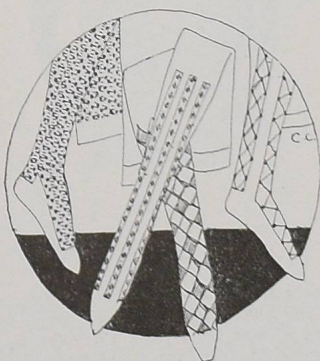
A FROCK FOR AFTERNOONS

The gown sketched at the lower right on this page combines a skirt of lustrous clinging satin with a loose-sleeved blouse of very sheer crêpe chiffon. The underbodice is also of satin, banded with embroidery in metallic threads and brilliant coloured silks. The cleverly draped skirt, as well as the collar, revers, cuffs, and girdle, is bound with little narrow bias folds of the satin—a touch that bespeaks good designing and necessitates excellent workmanship. Soft cording of the satin, ending in silver knobs, breaks the severity of the neck-line and completes an unusually interesting frock.

A dark blouse to match one's suit is a real necessity, but a pleasant one when it makes itself as cheerful as does this, with a monk's collar and tucked front of light coloured Georgette crêpe, and a lot of little white ball buttons; \$10



Why is it such a very pleasant thing to know that under one's frock there is a lacy be-ribboned underbodice of crêpe de Chine and Georgette crêpe, and a fluffy be-ruffled petticoat of satin and chiffon? Underbodice, \$4.95; petticoat, \$9.75



(Left) For winter sports there is nothing more comfortable or smart than woollen stockings in interesting colour combinations. Reading from left to right: in black and white; \$5; in two shades of brown; \$6; in gray and lavender; \$5; in two shades of brown; \$6



For those numerous occasions which demand an afternoon frock, one of lustrous clinging satin combined with sheer crêpe chiffon, in a charmingly simple design with bias folds binding the edges, is a real discovery; in black and various colours; \$42.50

It is difficult to find lingerie that combines beauty of design with strength of fabric, as does the underbodice of pink crêpe de Chine and Georgette crêpe, with very fine Valenciennes lace used as insertion and edging, sketched at the lower left on page 55. Bands and bows and tiny flowers of soft blue ribbon, and fine tucks add to its charm. The petticoat has lacy flounces that are so sheer that they do not interfere with the slenderest of silhouettes, yet have the bouffant look that belongs to the traditional ruffles of yesterday. The top of satin is the substantial background for the flounce of finely pleated chiffon and latticed ribbons, veiled with a fine cream lace in a rose pattern. Tiny flowers catch the ribbons together and give a dainty finish to this affair, which may be had in white or flesh tint.

BLOUSES OF GEORGETTE CRÊPE

Despite the prevalence of one-piece frocks, attractive blouses are always in demand. Of the three sketched here, two are of the useful type that may be worn with any style of suit and for an infinite variety of occasions. Sketched at the upper left on this page is a blouse with fine tucks below the shoulders. The distinctive feature of this blouse is the use of silk hand-embroidery and hand drawn-work. The sleeves, which are very graceful, have a long tight cuff and a little embroidered flare at the wrist. Also of Georgette crêpe, is a more elaborate blouse, sketched at the upper right on this page. The beauty of filet lace medallions, set in between rows of narrow tucks, is further enhanced by silk hand-embroidery and cut-work. The rather large collar repeats the motif of the waist, and tiny pearl buttons finish the front. The third waist, sketched at the upper right on page 55, is one that adheres more faithfully to the demands of the



One may possess ever so many one-piece frocks, but the separate blouse still keeps an important place in the wardrobe. White or flesh colour Georgette crêpe with hand-embroidery and drawn-work; \$9.75



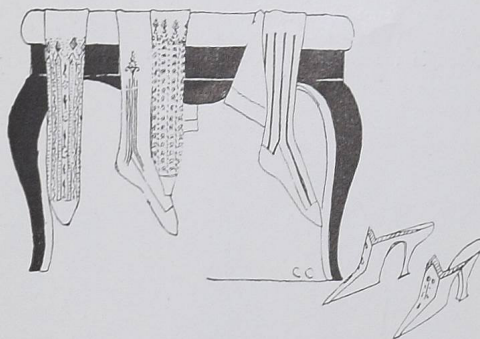
Oblong filet lace medallions, tiny tucks, hand-embroidery, cut work, and tiny pearl buttons all work together to make the charm of this little blouse of Georgette crêpe, in white or flesh colour; \$15.75



The tam o'shanter of our childhood has acquired a grown-up woolly "cocarde" and appears in company with a warm wide scarf for winter sports. Of imported Scotch wool with coloured stripes; \$8 the set



The cold December morning loses some of its dread aspect when one knows that a quilted pink satin dressing-robe, with satin cuffs and pockets, is waiting to envelop one in all its warmth; \$12



Women have invaded the field of sport, and so have silk stockings. Reading from left; in evening shades; \$8; sports stockings, \$5.50; in evening shades; \$10; sports stockings, \$15

strictly tailored suit. The exceedingly clever use of white Georgette crêpe lifts this model from the sombre realms of a dark blouse. Rows of pin tucks, laid in squares, relieve the air of austerity conveyed by the monk's collar, while white ball buttons do their best to further lighten the effect. This blouse may be had in navy and white, black and white, plum and flesh colours, and brown and bisque.

SPORTS STOCKINGS

Woollen stockings, to be worn with skating-clothes or with any sort of winter sports costume, are sketched in the lower middle of page 55. The colour combinations are legion; two of the most interesting ones, showing two shades of brown, are shown in the second and fourth stockings from the left. Black and white is used in the first stocking; the third stocking is not as noticeable as the picture would suggest, the colours being soft tones of gray and lavender. Sports stockings of the heaviest silk, beautifully woven, are a delight to the feminine heart. A pair of white silk stockings with black stripes a quarter of an inch wide are shown at the right in the sketch in the lower middle of this page. A new version of the clock, sketched next to the left, is embroidered in white or black on a black stocking. The other two stockings are for evening wear. The one at the left is of embroidery and openwork; the one next to the right, of fine openwork; both come in all evening shades.

A dressing-robe which does not sacrifice style to the charm of its warm silky depths is sketched at the lower left on this page. It is made of soft satin; beautifully quilted, with satin cuffs and pockets. Long buttons and loops fasten it at the throat. It comes in light blue, Copenhagen blue, pink, and rose.



The quality of the Georgette crêpe gives distinction to this afternoon frock, and the beaded pattern, the pleated underskirt, and the draped bustle are additional features in its favour; \$45

SMART FASHIONS *for* LIMITED INCOMES

AT this season, the smart woman inevitably looks over her wardrobe and makes plans to replenish it for the winter months with a new suit, a new gown, or a costume accomplished by taking a bit of old and adding to it a bit of new. One need not question the smartness of these combinations of material, for they are still the mode, because of their effectiveness and because of the scarcity that still exists in the fabric world. Early rumours of the spring styles tell of still more combinations to come—combinations of silk and woollen materials.

COMBINING MATERIALS

In the sketch at the left at the top of this page, one may see just how smart a combination of this kind may be. The underslip of black satin has long tight sleeves and is slightly draped at either side. Over this, dark green velours de laine hangs in straight loose panels, embroidered in fine black rat-tail braid. The dress fastens in the back, and the finished effect is very smart. With a simple dress of satin or silk, a coatee of the style sketched at the lower right on this page, of serge or velours de laine, will change the whole effect, though still keeping it a one-piece dress. A coatee

Something old and something new may make the smartest of costumes, for nothing is more favoured of fashion than a combination of materials



cut on the lines suggested may be of any length; a facing of black satin will add body and finish.

Tunics that may be used as separate coats or merely as part of a dress are a fashion now well established. These are usually made of serge or fine gabardine, cut on lines that are loose and straight, and lined to the waist. The model sketched at the lower left fastens at the side front with large black bone buttons. A collar of soft white silk or of organdy finishes the neck.

A simple one-piece dress of blue gray velours de laine, trimmed with narrow bands of navy blue velours de laine, is sketched in the middle at the bottom of the page. It fastens at the back and is cut in a deep V at the front. The edges of the skirt, neck, and sleeves are banded with the navy blue velours—a type of trimming which is very new.

SOMETHING NEW IN COATS

An afternoon suit of black velvet, sketched at the upper right, is trimmed with skunk, and buttons in the back as well as in the front, where it really opens. The coat is cut away at front and back; the skirt is draped at either side, lies in soft gathers at back and front, and is very narrow around the bottom.

She of limited income wisely chooses for afternoons a suit of velvet and fur, for many and varied are the occasions for which it is suitable



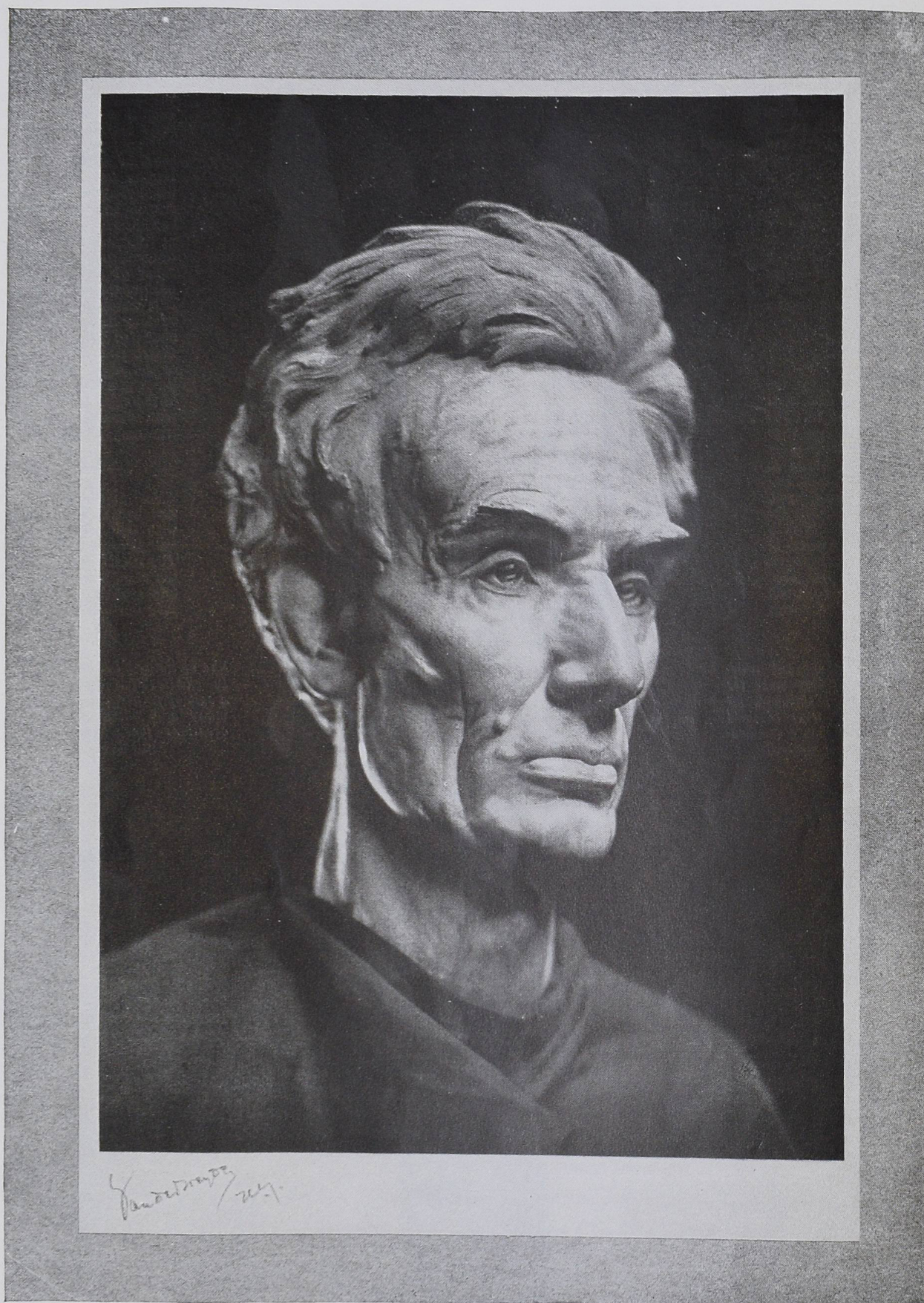
This is a tunic season; there are long tunics and short tunics, and especially there is a tunic that may serve as a separate coat



A new and simple trimming which is very effective on the one-piece dress of velours is made of bands of velours in a contrasting shade



Just by slipping a coatee of serge or velours over a one-piece dress of silk or satin, one gives a totally new effect to a one-piece dress

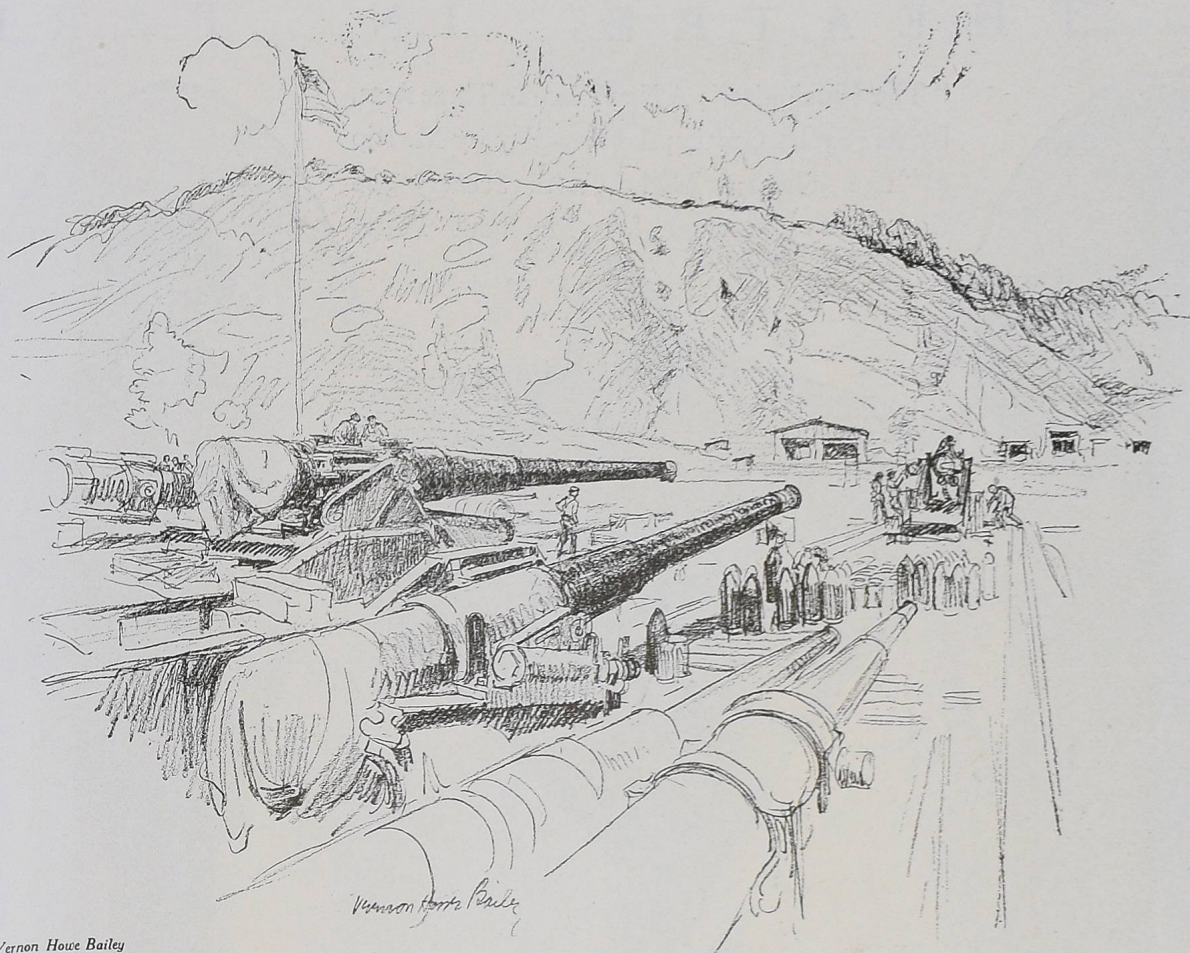


Barnard's Abraham Lincoln

THE British authorities having, with alacrity, accepted the statue of Abraham Lincoln by George Grey Barnard, and having set apart a fine site for it in Westminster, near the Houses of Parliament, the most remarkable campaign in the "political history" of American sculpture was started for the twofold object of, first, preventing London from receiving the statue and second, preventing the city of Paris from receiving a replica of it, as a gift from the United States of America.

The protests against Mr. Barnard's work have been based upon all sorts of immaterial reasons, not one of them having, even remotely, anything to do with art. Whether or not the statue is a great work of art has so far apparently escaped anything like serious discussion. Fortunately for Mr. Barnard,

two Americans—John Sargent and Frederick MacMonnies, both of them artists widely known in England and France—have viewed the statue solely as a work of art and have approved of it, in no measured terms, *as such*. In view of that fact, and in view also of the fact that no sympathetic lover of sculpture could spend ten minutes in the presence of the statue without a feeling of awakening reverence and awe, Mr. Barnard ought not to be too much cast down by the fact that a body of artistic reactionaries—survivors of the Hudson River, Rogers Group, ebony what-not, Bouguereau Madonna school of art—have seen fit to object to the statue on fanciful and immaterial grounds. Barnard's fine head will soon be shown at the Ritz, during the exhibition of "The Allies of Sculpture."



Drawn by Vernon Howe Bailey

FOR OVER THERE

Here are some of the war engines that will send to the Kaiser the only kind of messages he can understand. They are examples of our latest model heavy guns, being tested on the government proving grounds. A sort of dress rehearsal, so to speak. The force of their arguments is determined by wire screens set up at fixed distances from the muzzles. The passing shell breaks electrical contacts, and thus the speed is determined. When the guns get into action Over There, the contact will be with Huns who may find that they are not so much interested in the projectile's speed as in their own

Slackers: A Hate Song

By DOROTHY PARKER

I HATE Slackers
They get on my nerves.

THERE are the Conscientious Objectors.
They are the real German atrocities.
They go around saying, "War is a terrible thing,"
As if it were an original line.
They take the war as a personal affront;
They didn't start it—and that lets them out.
They point out how much harder it is
To stay at home and take care of their consciences
Than to go and have some good, clean fun in a nice,
comfortable trench.
They explain that it isn't a matter of mere bravery;
They only wish they had the chance to suffer for their
convictions,—
I hope to God they get their wish!

THEN there are the Socialists;
The Professional Bad Sports.
They don't want anybody to have any fun.
If anybody else has more than two dollars,
They consider it a criminal offense.
They look as if the chambermaid forgot to dust them.
There is something about their political views
That makes them wear soiled décolleté shirts,
And they are too full of the spirit of brotherhood
To ask any fellow creature to cut their hair.
They are always telling their troubles to the New Republic;
And are forever blocking the traffic with parades.
If anyone disagrees with them
They immediately go on strike.
They will prove—with a street corner and a soap box—
That the whole darned war was Morgan's fault,—
Boy, page an alienist.

THERE are the Pacifists;
They have chronic stiff necks
From turning the other cheek,
They say they don't believe in war,—
As if it were Santa Claus or the Stork.
They will do anything on earth to have peace
Except go out and win it.
Of course they are the only people
Who disapprove of war;
Everybody else thinks it's perfectly great,—
The Allies are only fighting
Because it keeps them out in the open air
They know that if we'd all go around wearing lilies,
And simply refusing to fight,
The Kaiser would take his army and go right back home.
It's all wrong, Pershing, it's all wrong.

AND then there are the Men of Affairs;
The ones who are too busy to fight.
Business is too good,
And men aren't needed yet, anyway,—
Wait till the Germans come over here.
They tell you it would be just their luck
To waste three or four months in a training camp,
And then have peace declared.
It isn't as if they hadn't dependents;
Their wives' relatives can barely buy tires for the Rolls-Royce.
Of course, they may be called in the draft,
But they know they can easily get themselves exempted,
Because they have every symptom of hay fever—
I wish I were head of the draft board!

I HATE Slackers
They get on my nerves.

THE THEATRE IN PARIS

"The Illusionist": A New Piece In Three Acts, by M. Sacha Guitry; A Fairy-play by M. Rip at The Théâtre Michel, With Scenery and Costumes Designed by M. Paul Poiret



Mlle. Elyane as La Paresse in "Plus ça change . . ." Rip's new revue at the Théâtre Michel, reproduced under the direction of M. Trebor. She is gowned by Poiret. The revue is a delightful fantasy



(Top centre) Mlle. Paquerette as L'Avarice in "Plus ça change . . ." The idea of this fairy story, the prologue of which takes place in the year 2017, is to point out that nothing in the world ever changes



Mlle. Yvonne Printemps as Miss Hopkins, an English music-hall singer in Sacha Guitry's play, "L'Illusionniste," at the Théâtre des Bouffes-Parisiens. Charvet made the black pyjamas she is wearing



"Her Husband's Wife," a French interpretation of the American Comedy, is now being played at the Théâtre des Variétés, and Mlle. Germaine de France is seen in the rôle of Mrs. Randolph

Photographs by Albin

ONCE on a time the months of August and September were periods of restful emptiness for the theatres. The leading houses closed their doors, and if the smaller ones remained open, they only ran summer pieces with which the critics hardly ever concerned themselves. No doubt you will tell me that Rossini's "William Tell" was played for the first time at Paris in the month of August, 1829. Exactly so; it was a notable event at the time, and the fact that it is still remembered proves that it was not an everyday thing. And besides, it was written by Rossini, that most charming, voluptuous, and indolent of musicians. To-day we are called to listen to a play by Sacha Guitry, who is just as charming and indolent, but who is certainly not a Rossini. He does not offer us an opera, hardly even a romance. He gives us at the Bouffes-Parisiens a comedy in three acts, one of them a prologue—a comedy of which he is at the same time the author who wrote it, the manager who accepted it for the theatre, and the actor who plays a leading part in it. If you want a thing well done, do it yourself.

Well, then, M. Sacha Guitry invited us to come up in the middle of our holidays to hear his new piece. There was nothing said about "The Illusionist" at the end of last season when he was telling us his plans. M. Sacha Guitry told us then that he was taking over the direction of the Bouffes-Parisiens, and that he would play there a piece of which he was the author, in which he would take a Chinese part, and, further, that he was going to stage a new play by M. Edmond Sée, the author of "Miettes" and of "La Brebis." That was his programme. Since then it has come into his head to appear in his theatre as an illusionist, that is to say, as a performer of card tricks and sleight of hand. He took up a magic wand (his pen), he blew on his paper, and hey! presto! a play appeared, full size, and complete in every respect. For a first attempt at conjuring, we must own that he has been very successful.

What is this "Illusionist," which has received so benevolent and laudatory criticism in Paris? It is a story at once slender, fragile, cruel, and charming. When the curtain rises we are shown a number of music-hall turns—first trick

bicyclists, who mount and ride extraordinary machines, then a lady who reads our thoughts, and at last an English singer, or, rather, a lady who sings in English, which is not quite the same thing. She is alert and youthful-looking, and sings with an amusing accent and a sure voice, while emphasizing her words with a swaying of her hips which we thought restricted to "American songstresses." She dances. At last she stops, and, leaning against a wing of the front without a movement, continues her refrain in a melancholy note. The picture does not resemble that eighteenth-century engraving which we saw in "Jean de la Fontaine" (M. Sacha Guitry's last comedy), when Mlle. Certain was singing "Revenez, amours, revenez . . ."; this time it is a delicious "Keepsake," and it is Mlle. Yvonne Printemps.

She disappears. The curtain rises again. A conjuring table, with a liveried assistant on each side, occupies the stage. The illusionist makes his appearance: it is M. Sacha Guitry, who goes through the orthodox performance of Robert Houdin, and does it well. Meanwhile, Mlle. Carlier and M. Baron have taken their places in a stage-box: they have eyes for no one but the illusionist, and applaud him with frenzy. So much for the prologue.

In the first act M. Sacha Guitry—the illusionist—appears in his dressing-room, one of those actor's dressing-rooms which are the same in every country of the world. While he is taking off his make-up, the illusionist is talking to one of his assistants. His English accent is forgotten, and he talks of one thing and another in excellent French. And when the assistant says to him: "No doubt you saw the lady of the stage-box come again to-night with her friend. That makes eight days running," the illusionist replies: "What on earth has that to do with me? See, this evening, I much prefer the little English singer. She is very nice, that English singer! . . ." And the assistant goes off to fetch the English singer, Mlle. Yvonne Printemps. She comes, dressed quite plainly and simply, but she is none the less adorable. And M. Sacha Guitry exhausts himself in trying to make her listen to his newly-born passion in a detestable English, and Mlle. Yvonne Printemps exhausts herself in trying to understand him, for she is no more English than he is; a telling and amusing scene, and piquant dialogue. At last the illusionist finds her out; she is a foundling, a fragile child of Paris, fallen from her nest and only asking to be placed in another. Sacha Guitry offers to find her rooms near his own in the hotel where he is living; better still, he offers her a part in his company on his next tour. She accepts, and they are about to go when there is a knock on the door.

It is the lady of the stage-box, Mlle. Carlier, with her protector, M. Baron. This lady wishes very much to secure the illusionist for an evening party at her house. The illusionist accepts, and asks the date; it is for this evening, and again he accepts. All the while, the little singer is there waiting for him. He asks her to go home alone and wait for him, while he goes to perform at the house of the lady who has gone away with her friend. Soon, thanks to one of those scenes of feigned anger in which women excel, she sends off her old friend and remains alone, and she is alone when she receives M. Sacha Guitry. M. Sacha Guitry is a little astonished, not too much, for he knows with some precision what he may hope for in the circumstances. And he obtains it, but not without having first charmed his companion by a delicious piece of bombast, a voyage in words, a tour of the world in a room which is a tour de force of suitable grace and en-



(Top centre) Playing in "Plus ça change . . ." Rip's new revue at the Théâtre Michel, Mlle. Christianne d'Or takes the rôle of La Gourmandise, and Poiret made her costume

snaring charm. Next morning, the illusionist, who has conquered his admirer and persuaded her to follow him round the world, thanks to his enchanted speech, disillusioned her as rapidly as he captivated her. The voyage he had promised her turns out to be only with a theatrical touring company, a tour with all the disagreeable accompaniments of dusty train journeys, and faded and dingy theatrical lodgings.

"But yesterday you pressed me to follow you," says the young woman.

"Ah, last night; it was true, I was sincere."

In fact, M. Sacha Guitry is very sincere. He was so as an illusionist, and he is so still as a destroyer of illusions. Beings are not all of one piece throughout. Their character has windings, their sentiments a certain mobility. And he goes. And while he is going Baron returns, like all old men who have the misfortune of being in love. He finds his young adored all moved by the departure of her lover of a night. He mistakes the cause of her tears!

"You were weeping! . . . because of last night's scene, because I left you. Never mind, I have come back to you." And he comes up to console her while the young woman, broken, desolate, and still enamoured, continues to weep.

Thus terminates this play, in which the talent of M. Sacha Guitry is seen at full advantage—brilliant, light, thoughtless, and cynical. You must not ask him for moral or complicated adventures. He would not know how to handle them. What he can depict thoroughly are the shifts and windings of the heart—the evasions of a heart which is perhaps his own, which is certainly changeable, but as sensitive as you will. And the public of Paris, which loves to see this heart beat, applauds the plays of M. Sacha Guitry.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL FANTASY

This play is vivified by its exquisite psychological fantasy. The fantastic quality of the revue "Plus ça change . . ." (the more it changes, the more it remains the same thing) which is being played at the Théâtre Michel is of a different kind. It is fantasy in the intention, in the interpretation, and in the setting. M. Trébor, the director of the Théâtre Michel, is a natural-born journalist, who has chosen to manage theatres instead of writing. He has brought to his chosen vocation his Parisian wit, his sense of the new, and an evident intention of leaving the old paths. So he has just given us a fairy-play overflowing with fancy, I repeat, where the author and the decorator have fortunately co-operated in surprising and enchanting us.

The author is Rip, the decorator M. Poiret, two names familiar to all for their bold and intelligent audacities. The thesis of this fairy-story, whose prologue takes place in the year 2017, is to point out to us that nothing changes: that men are, and will be, to eternity the same, and that there is hardly anything to hope for from their wisdom or their reason. So, in the year 2017 a millionaire, tired of the war against the negroes, and the infidelities of his mistress, decides to travel. He mounts a time-machine and, thanks to it, succeeds in visiting the seventeenth-century of France, where he meets the charming Ninon de Lenclos; the fifteenth, where he surprises Isabel of Bavaria; and the Greece of the time of Diogenes. Unfortunately, each of these peregrinations shows him the permanence of human weakness. In the seventeenth century, as in the fifteenth, and as under the burning sun of Greece, here is always war, while the women are not models of virtue, and are mistresses of the art of duping men. All the while, this pessimist

(Continued on page 72)

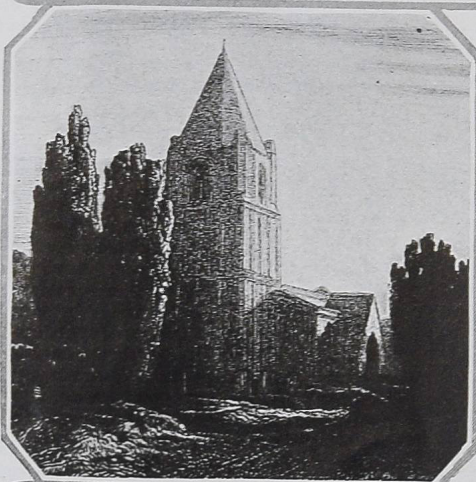
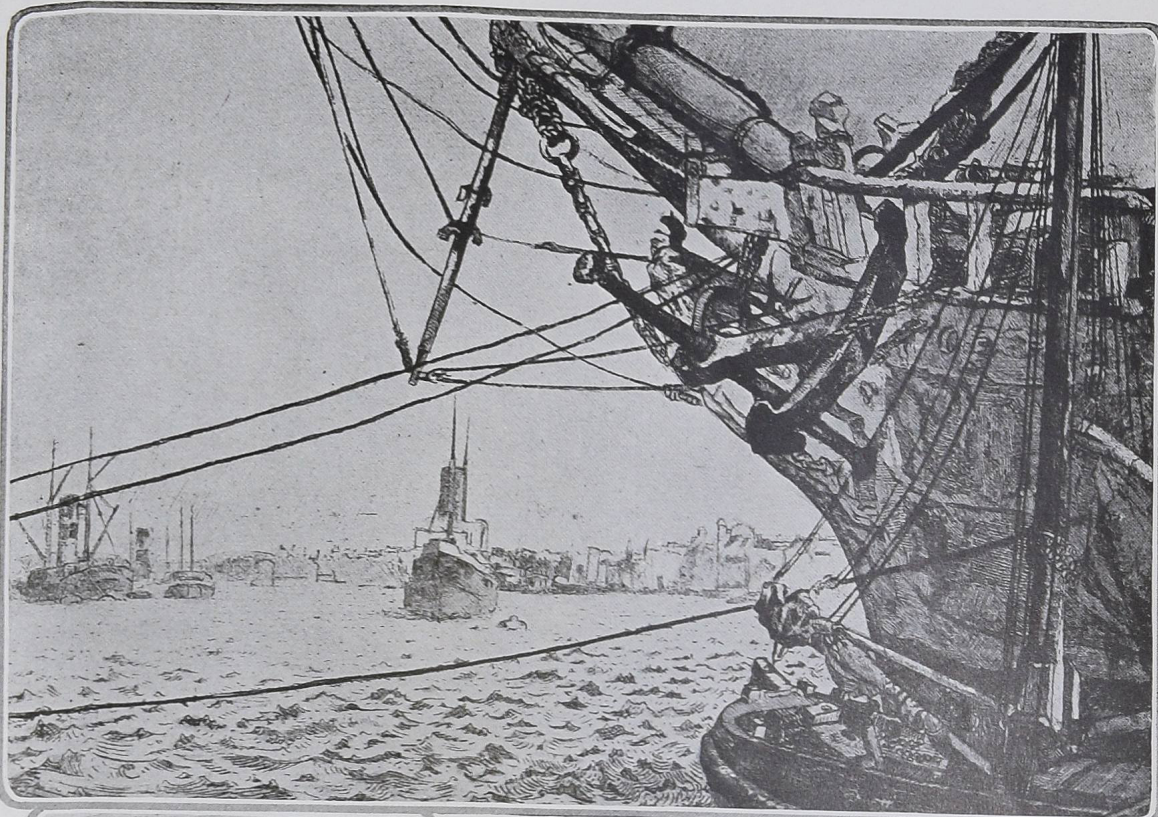
Photographs by Albin

"L'illusionniste" is a story at once slender, fragile, cruel, and charming, and as Miss Hopkins Mlle. Yvonne Printemps receives much applause. Costume by Buzenet

OUT - OF - THE - WAY ETCHINGS

An Exhibition at The
Leicester Galleries Which
Is Of National Interest

I HAVE chosen from an exhibition of Etchings at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, now in progress, some etchings that are interesting from the fact that the etcher has in each case taken a by-path from the monotonous road selected by modern British practitioners of etching. A particularly charming feature of this exhibition is Whistler's "Reading by Lamplight." This is an early etching, and it has not power to excite the admirers of his later work by the sheer virtuosity by which that is characterized. But Whistler seemed to achieve at last with the needle unparalleled skill at the expense of emotional feeling. In this little figure there is a quality of sentiment that is unexpected in a Whistler, and that links the artist with his English contemporaries of the period called the "sixties," when there was to be felt running through all the art produced in England a flow of sentiment so strong that it could not be



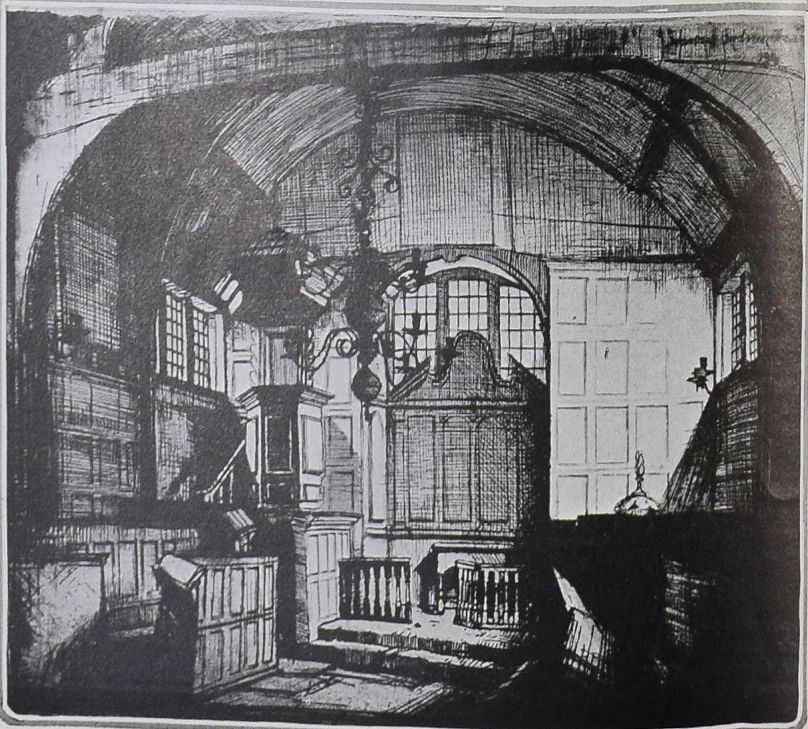
"The Prow of a Ship,"
by H. D. Van Angeren

"Bardwell,"
by F. L. Griggs

"La Passerelle,"
by A. Legros

(Bottom Left)
"Landscape,"
by C. F. Daubigny

(Bottom Right)
"Halston,"
by Francis Sydney
Unwin

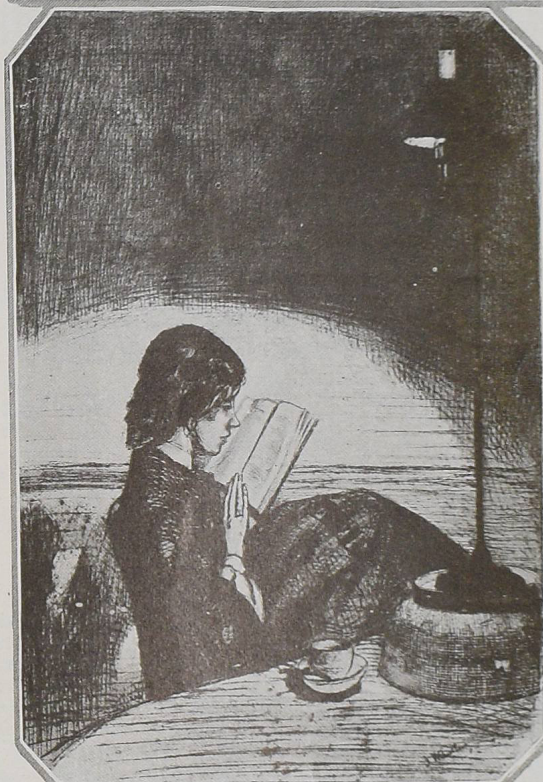


"Waterloo Place," by Francis Dodd

trivial in expression. A moment later, and the sentiment ceased to be unconscious, it weakened, it was affected, and that dreary time was entered upon in which sentimentality reigned in the place of sentiment, nor were colder, purer enthusiasms of art allowed near the throne.

The etching by Holman Hunt, "A Day in the Country," belongs to the moment of "Reading by Lamplight." Here, as there, the design is inspired by sentiment, not overwhelmed by it. There is a genuine humanity in the art of England of this period not without resemblance to that which inspired the Italian Renaissance; not so profound in its wisdom of the heart, but deeply studious of its sensibilities, and burning with the old belief that everything in the world takes its beauty from the light of human associations. This surely is Humanism, the religion of the greatest artists. The art in which it is seen at its height never seems to keep on the wing for long. In the work of a master it ascends, in that of disciples it will fall so low as the sweet mire of Victorian sentimentality, or of the sickliness with which the imitators of Leonardo let the next generation down. What art has to express can only be expressed once, and then some fresh human experience must be dealt with, or deterioration sets in.

With Legros's "Landscape" we come to something different—a world of imagination, not of feeling. The place seems remote, and yet there is not an element in it that is not taken from the everyday world, and a true feeling for nature is expressed. Whereas in M. Maris's "Landscape with Castle" there is remoteness not only of design, but of feeling. It represents not some place in this world contemplated through the veil of imagination, but a faery place altogether. Against all these etchings we can set the matter-of-fact ones of Francis S. Unwin and Francis Dodd, "Halston" and "Waterloo Place." These deal with places known, which can be visited. They are just coloured by the view of personality, and that is all. Mr. Dodd's is a particularly interesting record of Waterloo Place, at that time one of the most stately places in Europe. Since this etching was made, however, people



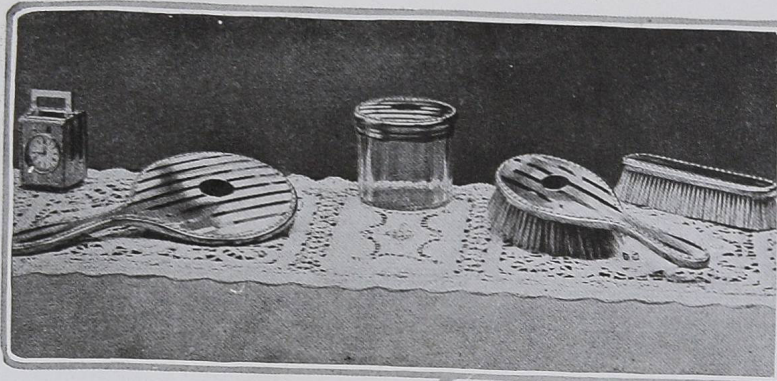
"Reading by Lamplight,"
by J. M. Whistler



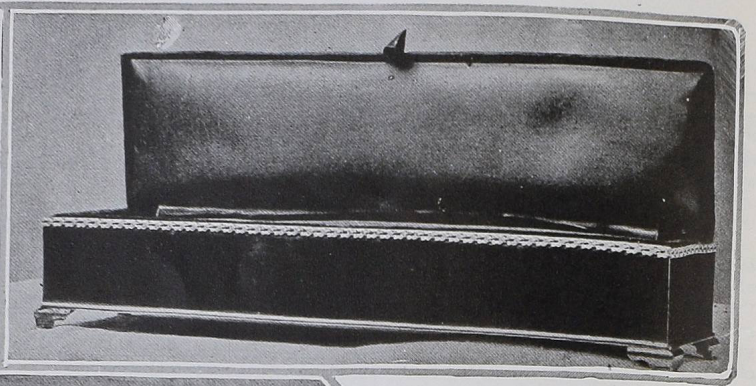
"Happy Springtime," by Sir J. E. Millais

"A Day in the Country,"
by W. Holman Hunt

enthroned somewhere, invisible, in London, over whom the Office of Works appear to have no control, have steadily demolished this Regency quarter of London. All this has been done quite recently to make room for erections, Teutonic, ostentatious and vulgar (though this is indeed tautology). They have destroyed the effect of the County Fire Office, crowning the hill as the 'bus takes us up Waterloo Place, by permitting a hotel with no architectural pretensions whatever to shoot itself up behind it and destroy the sky-line; with an air of waiting for the older, fairer fabric to be removed out of the way. And you can be sure that the older, fairer building, depicted in Mr. Dodd's etching, the County Fire Office, is doomed. All things of architectural charm in London, it would seem, are doomed. The "Hidden Hand" is nothing to the "Hidden Mind" that determines that, if it can see to it, there shall be no delightful architectural feature of London left for Hun to destroy. Is it true that the eye that singles out every feature of the kind, for demolition, has now fastened its sinister gaze on Queen Anne's Gate?

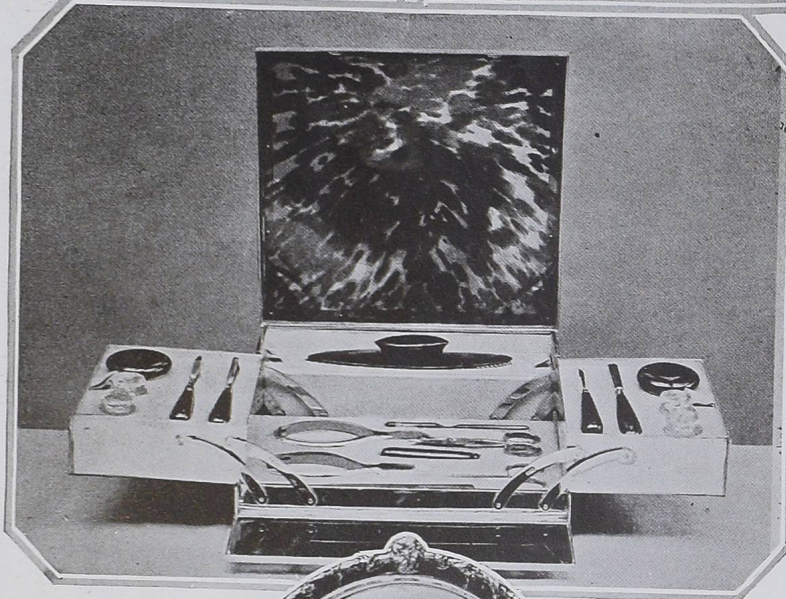


Of engine-turned design are the articles of this toilet service which may be had in sterling silver or silver gilt, according to the wish of the prospective owner



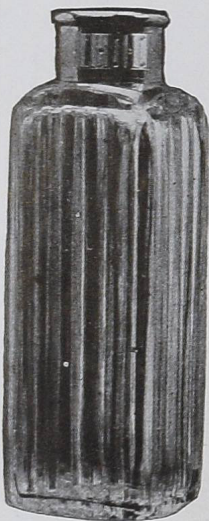
Hey presto! when you raise the velvet lid of a large pincushion banded widely with silver it becomes a convenient receptacle for the safeguarding of hat pins

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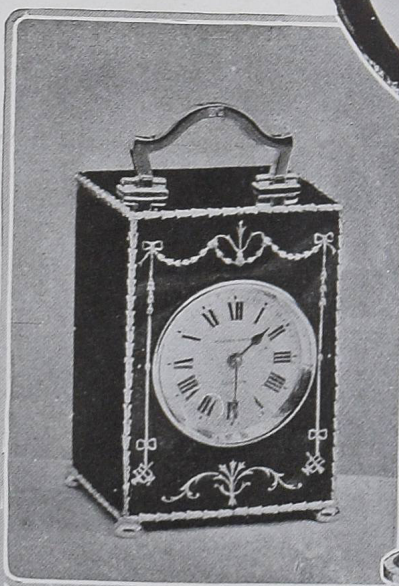
Many valuable trinkets might rest securely in a crescent-shaped box of translucent tortoiseshell edged with a delicate silver-gilt line



The sight of this delicate silver salts bottle with the silver-gilt and blue enamel-striped top would surely help revive somebody's drooping spirits



The beautiful symmetry of a clear cut-glass scent phial should win it a place on the toilet table



One would always seem aware of the time when reminded by a tortoiseshell timepiece inlaid and mounted with silver

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A S S E E N b y H I M

(Continued from page 48)

the fairy spectacle. I must confess that many juvenile parties, and especially English ones, are fearful bores. Why cannot we provide something other than the perennial magician and the Punch and Judy show? In New York, several variants are offered. There are marionettes, both Italian and French, which can be hired for an afternoon, and in whose repertoire are naval and military battles, as well as farce and comedy. And then, of course, there are the "movies" for private exhibition. Many of us have our own moving-picture theatres and hire or purchase the best films to be had. There are houses all over the United States from which one can rent any desired film, including those of Marguerite Clark and Mary Pickford and the wonderful Jack the Beanstalk—all juvenile favourites. One might even find a harmless Charlie Chaplin film. And it is wise to have the best, for children are keen critics, and they are well up on the latest things. At a party they do not want educational films or interludes of stale news and civic processions in small town. I would not have a "movie" theatre party, even at one of the best houses.

A matinee dance, too, is fairly certain of success. For a party for the youngest set, just from the nursery, the English recipe calls for an exhibition of the toys of the children of the house,—mechanical toys and dolls and picture books—on tables, to be looked at and played with by the little guests. In England, too, after conjuring, or the Punch and Judy, or troupes of performing dogs, birds, or monkeys, there is a dance, and then games are played. At Christmas and New Year's there is generally a tree and then light refreshments. For a juvenile ball, there is always supper, and I fear that pampered children expect about the same menu which is served to their elders. Of course, there should be neither alcoholic punch nor wine of any kind.

CONCERNING WEDDINGS

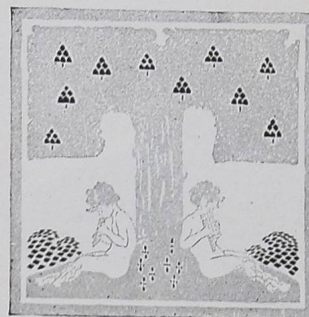
I have on my list some queries as to weddings and christening-parties; the first, concerning second marriages. A widow or a woman who is divorced has neither bridesmaids nor attendants. A second wedding should always be a quiet affair. The bride may be given away by a male relative, or by a female one, in default of the other. Elaborate gifts are not expected on the occasion of a second marriage. At many fashionable Roman Catholic weddings, the ceremony is followed by the celebration of the mass. The ritual, which is sometimes confusing to a non-Catholic, omits the Gloria and the creed, both of which are sung or chanted at all the high masses. The ceremony takes place before the mass. At the close of the mass, the bridal couple are blessed, and they leave the prie-dieu and go within the chancel railings. The most feasible form of ceremony is a low mass, spoken, not chanted, by the priest, during appropriate organ music. The high mass calls for a longer and more elaborate ceremonial. Masses are said or sung be-

fore noon, or occasionally said at half after noon. Roman Catholics sometimes marry in the afternoon, but there is no mass on these occasions. It is well to remember that at a Roman Catholic wedding in a French church, either in the United States or Canada, there is likely to be a collection. This frequently is taken up by the attendants, each bridesmaid, on the arm of an usher, presenting a silver plate for charitable donations. This is only done in Gallic society, in America, but is universal in France.

It is very smart to follow the English vogue in christening-parties. These are more or less family affairs; the ceremony usually takes place at church, in the afternoon, but may be at the house. It is good form to have only a few guests at the actual ceremony, and to ask others to come in afterwards. In England, if the child is a girl, two godmothers and one godfather are necessary; if a boy, two godfathers and one godmother are required. Roman Catholics must have one godfather and one godmother of that faith; there may be others of another religion, but they are only honorary, and are not recognized by the Church. The French have a law forbidding the marriage of a godchild and a godparent, and I believe that ecclesiastically, also, it is forbidden. This might be important if an adult is baptized, or if a godfather fell in love, in after years, with his goddaughter. Frequently, when it is difficult to find a suitable godfather, a boy, about the age of ten or twelve is chosen, and in this circumstance complications might ensue. In this country, the godparent is generally chosen from among the relatives, but in England at least one friend is usually included among the godparents.

TO CELEBRATE A CHRISTENING

In England, if the infant is a girl, gifts of jewellery are given, and, if a boy, of silver plate; either may be given silver spoons, forks, mugs, or porringers. Occasionally bank accounts are started, and last October many American godchildren were given Liberty Bonds. The gifts are usually sent a day before the christening. The officiating priest receives a fee; in this country, it is usually a cheque. A pretty old-time custom was to place a number of gold pieces in a box of confections, which are frequently given as favours, and to present them to the clergyman. Boxes of these confections, without the golden harvest, are given to friends, as are boxes of wedding-cake at a wedding. White is the colour for girls and pink for boys. In England, the nurse is given a tip by the godparents, varying from five shillings to a sovereign. Over here, from five to ten dollars is customary. At the reception tea, abroad, the hostess receives the guests in the drawing-room and, when all have arrived, she accompanies them to another room where light refreshments, including a christening-cake, are set forth and served by maid servants, assisted by the host. Here we have a buffet and, usually, champagne or a punch. Invitations are by telephone or by informal notes.



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WIRING ONE'S WAY

(Continued from page 48)

"Our thoughts turn to you with affection and best wishes at this Easter season, with the hope that peace, prosperity, and plenty may attend your life to-day and through all your days to come."

Personally, I am devoted to Number Seven:

"Best wishes for a happy Easter."

Between Easter and Thanksgiving, friends are liable to perpetrate anything; birthdays, weddings, babies, graduations, follow one upon another. And, whatever the event is, it will call for an expression of sympathy from you, and the unhappy person who lacks the book I am reviewing will be back at the old stand again, mangling the telegraph blanks, laying in a stock of wrinkles between the brows, and contracting lead poisoning from chewing pencils by way of inducing thought.

On the other hand, do but look at the peaceful possessor of the Social Key. Suppose A's mother-in-law has had a birthday, does not Number One in the Birthday Chapter fill the bill?

"Many happy returns of the day. My (our) affectionate thoughts and every good wish go to you on this your birthday. May each succeeding year bring to you the best satisfactions which life holds."

There is something for everyone here. If you half close your eyes, you can almost see Witter Bynner telegraphing Number Five to Amy Lowell:

"May all your ways be pleasant ways and all your days be happy days."

For the well-wisher whose head rules his heart there is Number Two:

"Many happy returns of the day."

But the people of temperament, to whom accuracy is little and feeling is everything,—with what joy will they fall upon Number Fifteen:

"I think of you on your birthday, and I think of you on every day that lies between your birthdays, and every thought of you is a wish for your happiness."

Nothing, I think, is missing in the chapter on wedding messages. There is just the right note of bitterness for the discarded suitor, in Number Five:

"The best I can send to you on your wedding day is that you will find in your new life every dearest wish of your heart."

And then there is Number Ten:

"We unite our congratulations with those of your many friends and wish it were possible to be with you to-day."

This can be used with great effect by those who somehow were left off the invitation list.

And then Number Eleven:

"Heartiest congratulations. May your path be strewn with roses."

This will appeal to people of conservative tastes. The very essence of choice tobacco and old wine lurks in Number Twenty:

"To the bride and groom, love and congratulations from an old friend."

While no thought seems to have been taken for triplets or even twins in the chapter which, properly enough, follows "Messages on the Birth of a Child," still, there is much here that is useful and to the point. What could be more delicate than Number Six:

"We rejoice with you in the little life which has come into the world to gladden your days."

Number Seventeen has a cordial ring:

"My Greetings to the new boss of the household. May he (or she) live long and prosper."

Over the chapter containing messages of condolence we will not linger. Here, however, is Number Fourteen:

"In the death of your dear father (mother—wife—sister—brother) I (we) have lost one whom it was my (our) privilege to call my (our) friend. My (our) heartfelt sympathy goes out to you in your sorrow."

So much, then, for the perilous sea of friendship. With such a chart we may hereafter brave its every treacherous tide. But what, you ask, of that relationship which "ripens into love"?

Ah, telegrams were invented for lovers. And whatever they say, goes.

EMPHASIS BY CONTRAST

(Continued from page 30)

tea-gown is slit at either side and is slightly draped in at the back under a long square train, which is lined with the plain chiffon. Every line of the gown expresses dignity and charm. The daughter's tea-gown expresses something quite different; it is daintily youthful and frivolous,—the very materials, cream chiffon, lace of a soft cream shade, and narrow pink satin ribbons, express lightness and charm. There are garlands of flowers on this gown for afternoon, which add to its gay charm. These flowers are very small and are made of silk in soft pastel shades.

At the lower left on page 31, the evening gown worn by the mother is of black and gold brocade, with a bodice of gold net and gold lace over flesh coloured chiffon. The gown is made on long straight lines and is slightly draped, so that it pulls it rather tightly about the ankles.

From one side, this drapery runs into a short train which is finished with a large tassel of gold and black cords. Miss Gordon carries one of the new clipped ostrich feather fans in yellow and gold shades. The gown worn by the daughter is very youthful and a typical dancing-frock for the young girl. It is of pink tulle over pale pink silk, with a tunic overskirt of orchid pink silk, exquisitely embroidered in garlands done in the pink silk, outlined with silver thread. The foundation of the dress is entirely of the tulle, and there is a succession of overskirts which end in narrow ruffles of the tulle, picot edged. The girdle is of pink silk and silver, and ties in a bouffant bow at the back. A small corsage of pink flowers in pastel colours is used at one side of the bodice. The bodice is entirely of the pink tulle over pink chiffon and silk and has a round neck.

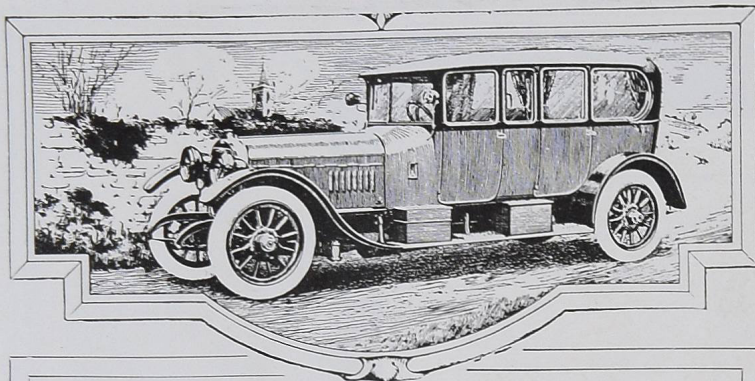


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In "Jack O'Lantern", Fred Stone is the same gloom-dispeller he always was and every bit as versatile. It certainly is a gift



White

SEEN on the STAGE

(Continued from page 52)

the heroine turns up casually at the studio to take his mother home in his new motor-car; and the mother follows him, as a matter of course. The middle-aged artist is left once more alone; and more alone than ever, since his daughter has been married in the interval of his transfiguration. But he has loved again and lost again, and therefore is alive; and we know that, in the future, he will paint more vividly, by reason of the fact that, in his life, "for ever and for ever" was concentrated in a single day.

This charming comedy has been charmingly produced by Selwyn and Company. The piece has been so carefully cast that everybody on the stage is likable. The public considers it a pleasure and a privilege to pass an evening in company with so many men and women who are obviously "sympathetic." *Simpatico*,—that is the very word our friends, the Spaniards, use when they wish to indicate the quality of the appeal afforded by "The Pipes of Pan."

"THE LAND OF JOY"

Simpatico, *simpatico*,—the word itself is like a chiming of sweet bells to sing us to the land of joy, whose other and more lovely name is Andalusia.

Some of us who—like the present writer—have travelled here and there and everywhere in Spain do not need to be reminded; but, for those of us who cannot go to Spain, it is enormously important that Spain should come to us.

Spain itself is flung full-fingered to our public in the Andalusian operetta that is rightly named "The Land of Joy." This unpretentious entertainment puts our native stage to shame:—it is so joyous, so joyous, and so tremendously alive. One-two-three, one-two!—hear the rhythm of the dancing,—the swishing swoop of shawls and skirts, the sweep of fluted fans, the pitter-pattering of heels, the clack of castanets! "Ay! *Que Rico*", listen, oh, listen to the subtle singing! *Olé! Olé!*—oh, hearken to the plaudits of applause!—This is not, by any means, an ordinary evening. A Latin audience is on its feet, and shouting. Hats are flung upon the stage, as two-peseta hats are scaled in lovely slow-descending curves into the arena of the Plaza de Toros at Sevilla or Madrid. The backward-brooding mind remembers,—and flits, of necessity, to Goya; and then, as if in answer to a wish as yet unformulated, a dozen majas (clothed, of course) come march-

ing on the stage and burst into the singing of that very song of joy which the Master must have heard when he plied his magic brush. Above this chanted chorus sails serene the thin but high and pure soprano of Maria Marco, whose face Murillo painted many centuries ago. And now and then fall silences,—putting fingers to the lips of high expectancy: and then—after hushes that the ear can fathom—L'Argentina comes flitting, or floating, to the stage. This dancer is supremely agile and supremely lovely. There is nothing to be said about her; for those of us who were not born in Spain are accustomed to fall silent when the time has come for talking. . . . *Olé! Olé!*, and the surging and the singing! One-two-three, one-two!, and the clicking and the clacking! And that unforgettable backward-bending of the body from the waist,—with an incidental angular uplifting of flaunted and triumphant arms!

But there are many other dancers,—oh, many, many others! Their names must be remembered, because they sound like numberless sweet symphonies. Dolorettes and Mazantinita, Luisita Puchol and Antonio Bilbao,—were there ever names more lyrical than these? Except, of course, the name of the composer of the music,—a name so happy and so sunny that a northern pen must hesitate a little while before recording it, and strive by every subterfuge to keep the reader waiting, and burden a very simple sentence with more than one parenthesis, before the lovely name is launched at last,—Quinito Valverde!

"In the greenest of our valleys," sang Edgar Allan Poe; and this Spaniard, whose name is—as it were—an echo of this lovely phrase, writes music that shouts aloud an affirmation of the query, "And shall not Loveliness be loved for ever?"

And many men and women sing and dance with almost orgiastic joy to the music of Valverde. The stage becomes alive; the audience becomes alive; and then, at some spontaneous and unpremeditated moment, that enticing little devil named La Dolorettes takes fire and flashes forth the spirit of all that Andalusia has striven to say to a colder and more reasonable world for at least a dozen centuries. And the Park Theatre seems no longer the Park Theatre; and New York is no longer New York; but loveliness is lovely, joy is joyous, and we who are about to die have lived again in

(Continued on page 72)

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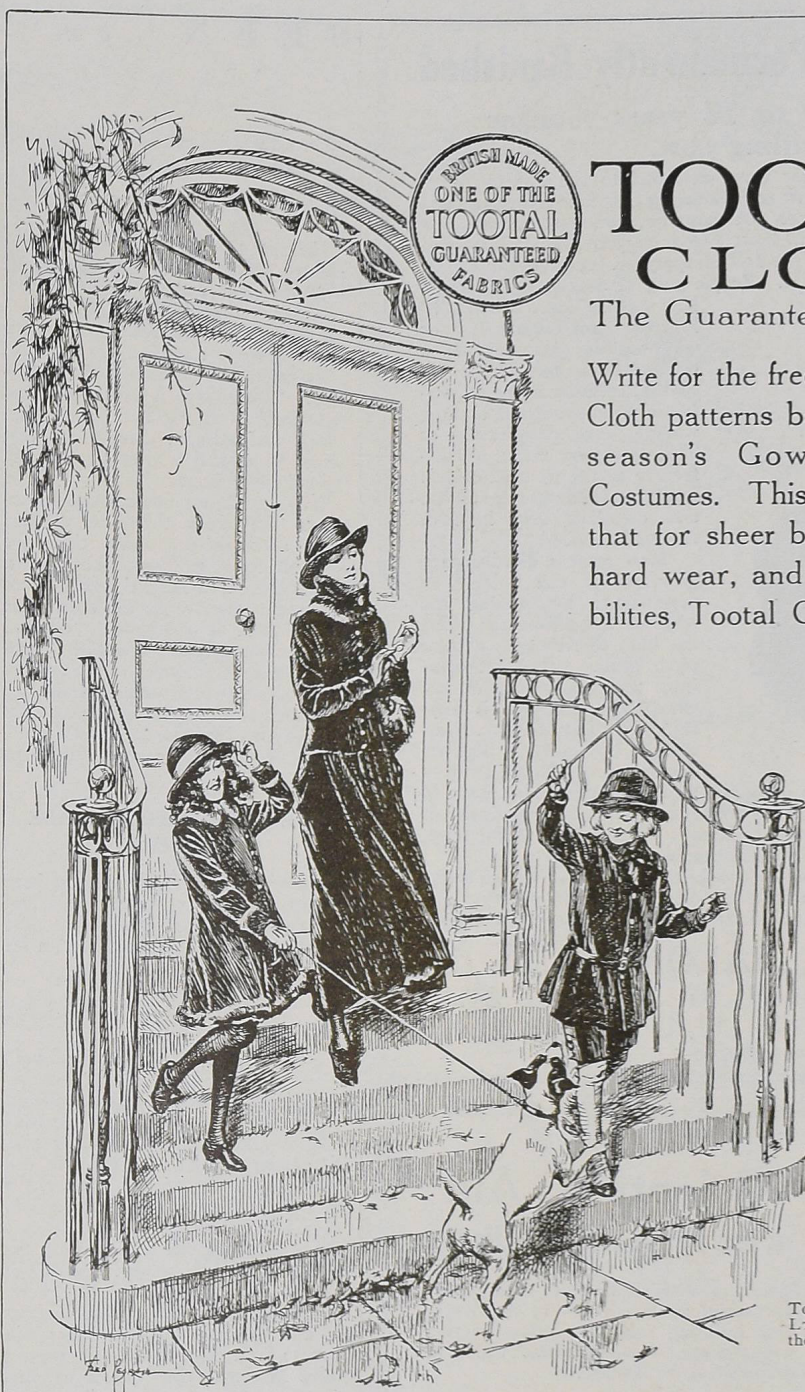
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How great a disadvantage grey hair is can quickly be appreciated by placing the edge of a hand-mirror along the line, so reflecting a complete head. The reflection from the left is of a woman whose apparent age is anything from forty to fifty. Next, reverse the mirror. The reflection now shown is of a woman after hair has been treated with "INECTO," the name given to this new process. What a wonderful difference! The first impression is of a woman—"passée." The second shows a woman of youthful mien, possessing again all her charm and attractiveness.

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The Micrococcus Catarrhalis, which is found even in perfectly healthy throats. These tiny enemies only await a favourable opportunity to attack when the throat is weakened or inflamed.

SEEN on the STAGE

(Continued from page 70)

the contemplation of such sheer beauty as is seldom seen on our stage.

"MISS 1917"

The new "big show" at the Century Theatre would have seemed much more impressive if it had not been preceded, by a day or two, by "The Land of Joy." The one is absolutely Spanish, the other utterly American; and America must toss a two-peseta hat to Spain in the comparison. "Miss 1917" is very lavish and exceedingly expensive; but it lacks that central and essential note of joy that cannot be seduced or purchased by any expenditure of money.

Lavishness is one thing; loveliness another. The present writer has attended nearly all of the productions that have been set forth in New York by Mr. Dillingham and Mr. Ziegfeld, and has not remained obtuse to the suggestion that Mr. Ziegfeld is voluptuously dowered with a sense of beauty and Mr. Dillingham is delicately dowered with a sense of taste; but the writer remembers also one or two rehearsals at the dancing academy of Señor Otero y Miranda in Sevilla... "And Life, some think, is worthy of the Muse."

THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS

The Washington Square Players have inaugurated their new season with a programme of four one-act plays, the most notable of which is "In the Zone," a sea

tale by Eugene O'Neill. This author is a son of the noted actor, James O'Neill, and is a former pupil of Professor Baker. It is not surprising, therefore, that he knows the theatre; but a more important item in his equipment is the fact that he is familiar, by personal experience, with the life of common sailors on the sea. In his early twenties, Mr. O'Neill ran away from home and signed up as an ordinary seaman on an ocean liner; and he knows the life of the fore-castle as no other dramatist has known it. Three or four of his brief and poignant tragedies of life at sea have already been produced, and half a dozen of them have been published. They are distinguished, one and all, not only by dramatic power but also by indisputable verity. Here is a young man dowered with extraordinary gifts, whose future output should be watched by our commercial managers.

The present programme is distinguished also by the first production in this country of a play by Don Jacinto Benavente. "His Widow's Husband" is a clever comedy, reminding us in method of the one-act plays of Molière; but, as acted and presented by the Washington Square Players, it seems much too long for an Anglo-Saxon audience. In subject-matter, this Spanish piece is strangely similar to Sir Arthur Pinero's mordant comedy, "His House in Order."

Other items on the present bill are "The Avenue," by Fenimore Merrill, and "Blind Alleys," by Grace Latimer Wright. They are neither good nor bad.

A R T

(Continued from page 54)

successful handling of moving crowds. "In Honor of the Belgian Commission" portrays Fifth Avenue with flying flags and moving people so massed as to give that elusive and changing interest in the moving throng which is so difficult to attain in any medium.

In "Recruiting, Union Square," the crowd, though less active, is still full of movement and animation; this work, however, is marred by over-emphasis of the buildings in the background, which compete for a place in the front rank.

The Macbeth gallery placed on view during early November a small group of portraits by Louis Betts, a Chicago artist, who has in recent years transferred his field of action to New York. The collection contains a number of portraits of

well-known people, for Betts has won no inconsiderable reputation by his work. It is sane able work, well-studied, portrayed with no small amount of charm, adequately drawn, and harmonious.

The great fault of these portraits is coldness, an indifference on the part of the artist to the real nature and thought of his sitters, the "inner face," as Stuart called it, the portrayal of which is essential to a great portrait. Betts permits his sitters to maintain that well-bred reserve with which they might face the social world in a formal drawing-room. He tells of them the truth, but by no means the whole truth. This is perhaps the wise course for a painter of portraits, but it will never prove the royal road to art.

THE THEATRE IN PARIS

(Continued from page 60)

philosophy is sweetened for us by the most joyous liveliness. Evidently M. Rip is in a hurry to get us laughing at the facts before we have time to weep about them. It is the best method of scepticism—and the most Parisian.

If M. Rip has animation and imagination, so has M. Poiret. It would be impossible to imagine a greater fantasy or novelty than those by which his creations are filled. In the reconstitution of the costumes of the age of Louis Quatorze, and of those of the time of Isabel of Bavaria, he has found lines of form at once graceful and elegant, and assemblages of colour which are amongst the most striking things seen this season. He has not hesitated to put the most violent tones in opposition to each other, and to push his ideas of plasticity to the end—which demands no small courage. There is a ballet of the seven capital sins, in which Mlle. Spinelly, as a really demoniacal Lucifer, dances in black fleshings, which is a harmonious and disturbing

conjunction of ideas, recalling the best of the Russian Ballet. There are costumes in which gold and silver shine forth in superposed tones like metallic symphonies, materials where the rarest shades of colour, shiver, tremble, fade away, or contract under the light, and reach the soul through the eyes. I have not always been able to admire the creations of M. Poiret, and so I am the more pleased to be able to write of these as I have done. Mlle. Spinelly is the destined interpreter of such a piece. She has a seemingly careless manner, the wit of the streets, and tender or low airs turn by turn. She wears her costumes with exquisite ease, she dances ravishingly, and has had a great success. M. Raimu is a comedian of fine intelligence, whose comic force is inexhaustible; he is one of the best comedians of the day. The success of the piece is also due to Mlles. Gaby Gladys, Delaunay, Marthe Aubry, all beautiful, and MM. Lérie and Magnard.

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MOVOL

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W. EDGE & SONS, Ltd.
BOLTON.

THE PERFECTION of DINNER GIVING

(Continued from page 47)

may have a large monogram embroidered at either end of the table, eighteen inches from the centre on either side. This allows room for a lace or embroidered centre-piece, if one wishes to use one, but this is not as fashionable now as the cloth only. Such a centre-piece is used only on a bare table, for luncheon or informal suppers, as a general rule.

The question of silver is often complicated by the fact that silver is often thrust upon one, either by inheritance or as wedding presents. If one is to indulge in new silver, however, there are charming designs in reproductions of old plate that at once make the foundation for a really artistic table. In arranging the table, one should not place the silver for more than three or four courses at one time; the rest of the silver is kept on the serving-table or in the pantry, to be placed by the servants as required.



Detail of the new King Edward glass of embossed crystal shown on page 46

bottom on page 47. This table has an exquisite George III candelabrum of Waterford glass in the centre; there are two quaint saltcellars to match, and the peach coloured goblets and wine-glasses give a charming touch of colour. The cloth is of plain satin damask, covered in the centre with an old flet lace square. Thus, even in war times, when meals should be simple, it is still possible to make one's table beautiful. Another charming table, pictured at the top on page 46, has an old mirror on which is a low arrangement of flowers, making a background for the quaint old Chelsea figures and candlesticks. A very lovely centrepiece may be made from orchids, but they are not often used because of a somewhat general impression that their cost is prohibitive. It is possible, however, to use orchids to decorate a table for ten people at a cost of not more than twenty-five dollars. The arrangement at the bottom on page 46 pictures large orchids with sprays of orchid and fern—a combination unusually graceful and not too expensive. If one uses orchids, it is important to place them in some vase that will show their beauty without crowding them; the silver stand, with its tall and graceful crystal vase, affords an excellent setting. Silver candelabra with unshaded light, King Edward glasses of embossed crystal with tall slender stems, finger-bowls to match, gold-bordered fruit plates, and silver fruit knives and forks, complete the setting of this table for the last course of dinner.

THE SETTING OF THE TABLE

Courses are few now, and the use of wine is greatly limited,—a fashion that started before the need of conserving food arose, when the fashionable world was moved by an impulse—to conserve the waist-line. Elaborate dinners are frequently given at which only one wine, usually champagne, is served. This service requires two glasses, one for water and one for champagne, and these, like the silver, should be placed very accurately on the table, as is shown in the photograph at the top of page 46. For a conservative and well-bred setting of the individual cover there is no licence whatever; there is but one rule to adhere to,—the arrangement of the silver in the exact order in which it is to be used. The soup spoon is placed on the outside, at the right; the fish fork on the outside at the left; the entrée fork next to the fish fork, the fork for the roast next. As to the napkin, there is only one permissible arrangement,—the placing of the napkin, folded oblong, on the plate. An elaborate disposition of the napkins gives the impression that one has hired the waiter of some small restaurant.

THE DISTINCTIVE CENTREPIECE

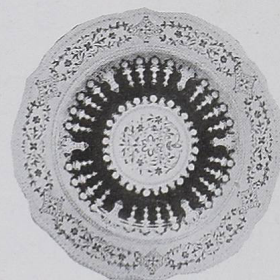
The centrepiece may be a vase or bowl of cut flowers or fruit, or perhaps a candelabrum or an old tankard. It should never be so high or large as to prevent a view of the guests on the other side of the table; often Mr. Jones and Mrs. Brown, seated opposite, may appreciate and encourage one another's bons mots much more sympathetically than their neighbours at the left and right.

When flowers or fruit are hard to obtain, one may substitute the lovely war-time centrepiece shown in the illustration at the

THE SILVER BASKET

The silver basket, lined with glass, shown at the top on page 47, is charming as the foundation for a table decoration. It may be used for flowers, ferns, or fruits. The spreading top makes an arrangement of flowers and ferns especially graceful.

A great many women, however, make a point of minimizing labour at present, because the drafting of their men servants has greatly increased the demands upon the maids. It is therefore considered wise to put away the superfluous silver, which is only attractive when it is kept in perfect condition. Handsome glassware makes a setting for an interesting war-time table. A reproduction of old Venetian glass in amber or blue is to be obtained at one of the shops for a very reasonable price. A particularly effective arrangement is obtained by setting this blue Venetian glass on a very pale yellow cloth. Coloured linens of this kind are made and embroidered by the Indians and come in sets, with napkins to match. This type of table, which is correct either for an informal dinner or for luncheon, simplifies household labour greatly.



Russian in its gorgeous colour is this plate with cobalt blue centre and raised gold border; from Haviland



Persian colorings without and gold lining within decorate this cup of an old French pattern; from Haviland



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It is important to get the nature of the food right as well as the quantity.

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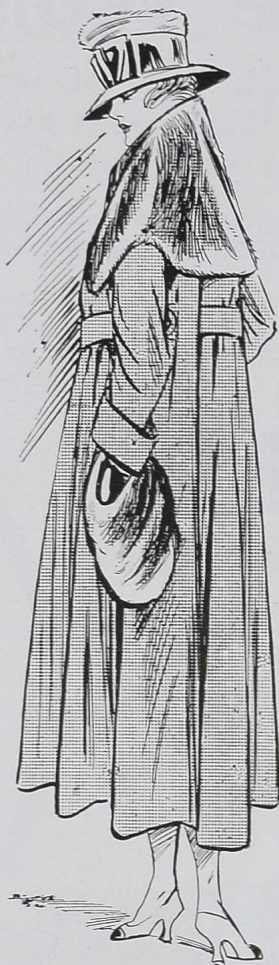
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MAKERS of MUSIC

(Continued from page 53)

"The Two Orphans," as well? Yet something like this is what concert artists are continually seeking to do. The theatre manager knows that it is not a question of whether any living dramatist can write plays equal to those of Shakespeare. The important fact is that an art which is not fed by its contemporaries is tending toward the grave.

However, it is only fair to say that the "too, too solid" programme does not persist of its own dead weight alone. There is what the philosophers call an "efficient cause" for its stubborn survival. The individual artist is working day and night to secure position in the musical world, and to do this he must enter into competition with other artists. Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms are the arena. Within this amphitheatre the young artist wrestles with the great ones of his profession and appeals to the crowd for its "thumbs up." The dearest wreath that the young pianist can crave is the newspaper line, often carelessly bestowed, "His playing of the Beethoven sonata was equal to Paderewski's." He knows that he can never achieve a place of honour in his art unless he can "master the classics." For this he is willing to treat the masterpieces of music as competitive exercises, and modern works as mere *divertissements*; for this he is willing to perpetuate the tyranny of the antique and to present in endless repetition the standard programme now embalmed in its sanctity.

THE ARTIST'S POINT OF VIEW

To these remarks the artist very properly replies: "That is all very well, but I would rather be known as a good singer than as a good programme-maker. Besides, show me any quantity of modern music half so fine or beautiful as that of the old masters."

Thus the artist instinctively passes the responsibility on to the audience and to the modern composer. And, of course, it cannot be denied that he is sound in his insistence that his primary business is to be a good executant. But perhaps, as recent concerts seem to show, he underestimates the willingness of American audiences to enjoy and applaud unfamiliar music. And perhaps, although he appreciates and loves the music of his grandfather's time, he undervalues that of his own. His ceaseless ambition to play Beethoven is a little like the traditional ambition of the actor to play Hamlet. After all, there is something a little vulgar in this daily showering of the masterpieces; it is like the daily visit of relatives whom one unquestionably honours and loves, but whose rare virtues sometimes seem more virtuous when they are a little rarer. Beethoven will lose none of his beauty to ears which hear more of the voice of to-day; and artists, we believe, will lose no prestige because they sing the songs of the present more frequently. On the other hand, listeners who live in the past, as concert audiences are, to so great an extent, obliged to live, become a little deaf to the utterances of their contemporaries. The timidity of artists is transmitted to their auditors, and that lively appreciation of novel values, without which even Beethoven is not to be understood, tends to give place to a dull and unfruitful ancestor-worship.

So one cannot but regret that Jascha Heifetz, the young Russian violinist whose fame had come across the ocean full two seasons ago, chose, for his American debut in Carnegie Hall, a programme of the traditional sort and far below the traditional in musical value. Wieniawski, Tartini, Paganini, and a whole flock of transcriptions of minor pieces—what a coerie of cast-off relations it was! Of course, the purpose was clear. Mr. Heifetz was there to exhibit Mr. Heifetz, and he intended that his playing of Wieniawski's concerto

should be compared with that of all the other virtuosi who have been heard here in two decades. Yet he is so obviously one of the great violinists of our time that he might have dispensed with the formality to which minor artists feel they must submit. For Mr. Heifetz is a most remarkable young man. With the utmost ease and dignity of bearing he produces a music so pure and so robust that he immediately ranks with the great exponents of his art. He is easily master of all the difficulties of the art, and of all the tricks, as well. His harmonics, his double-stopping, his rapid pattern work, and his staccato bowing are managed with marvellous ease and accuracy. His full and pure tone proclaims him of the great line of Ysaye. Yet what can be said of his interpretive and emotional power, when nothing on his programme called forth these highest qualities of musicianship? This programme, disappointing to his audience, must have proved unsatisfactory to himself as well, since it failed to exhibit his abilities in all their range and fulness.

Miss Eva Gauthier, who sang recently at Aeolian Hall, has, at least, none of the conventional timidity in programme-making. It was an amazing collection of strange voices and novel timbres which she presented. Igor Stravinsky, who is one of the famous bad boys of modern music, was on her programme with three of the most "ultra" songs that have ever been heard in New York. A young American composer, Charles T. Griffes, presented, thanks to her gracious encouragement, his curious experiment of five songs written wholly in old Chinese scales. Then, too, there were four delightful old French chansons arranged with appropriate harmony, and a group of songs by Ravel which sounded curiously like their ancient archetypes. How much better this is than another of the "standard" programmes! It is hardly to the point to inquire whether either Stravinsky, the most fruitful of the modern composers, or Ravel, the greatest master of musical humour, is the equal of Schubert and Schumann. What is pertinent is that Miss Gauthier's audience enjoyed an evening of stimulating and delightful experiences and enjoyed, too, her delicate art which, within its narrow range of expression, is beautifully polished.

SOME EXPONENTS OF MODERN MUSIC

Scarcely less hospitable toward the unfamiliar, and more uniformly successful in her execution, is Mme. Gabrielle Gills, who recently began her second season in America under the auspices of the French-American Association for Musical Art, revealing to American music-lovers, as she has in the past, the full and exquisite meaning of the word, "Gallic," as applied to art. Yet another singer, Mme. Mona Holesco, endowed with a high lyric voice of much natural beauty, brought a small treasury of new songs from Russia and Scandinavia. Her art, which compares with that of the opera singer as the spinet compares with the modern piano, is better suited to the delicate songs of Debussy and Gretchaninoff than to the more full-blooded lyrics of her own Scandinavian composers, Grieg and the little-known Heise. Yet she makes a real place for herself on our concert stage by bringing to performance such interesting music as that on her first programme. Even the recital of Lois Long and Franklin Riker, otherwise undistinguished, is remembered with a tingle of pleasure for the inclusion in their programme of two newly published "spirituals" or camp-meeting songs from the southern cotton-fields, admirably arranged by Mr. H. T. Burleigh.

After all, it is not to be regretted if many of our artists forswear the cultivation of all the great composers.

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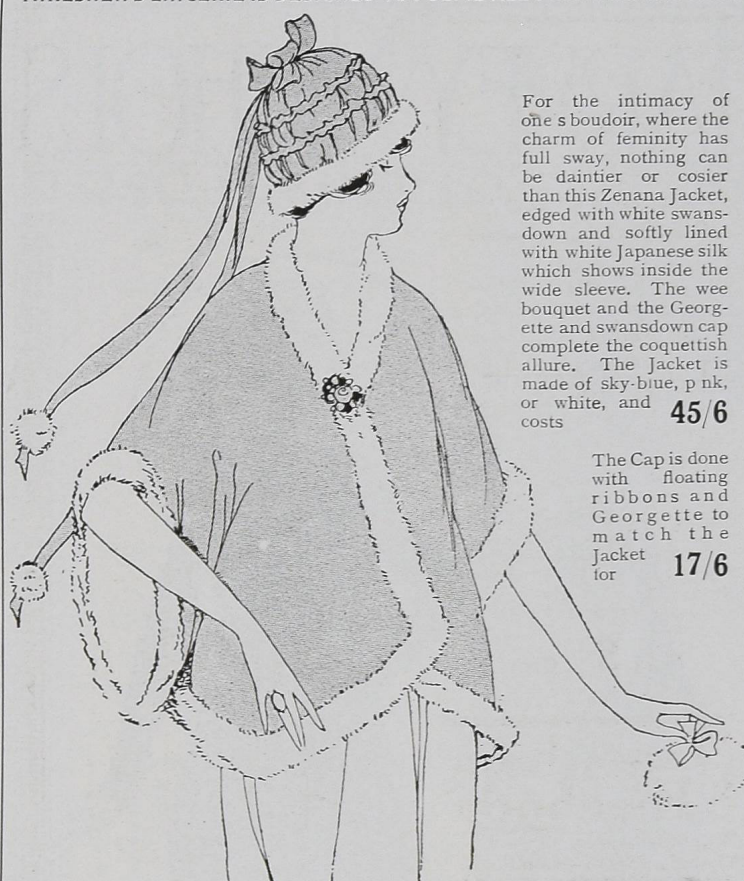
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